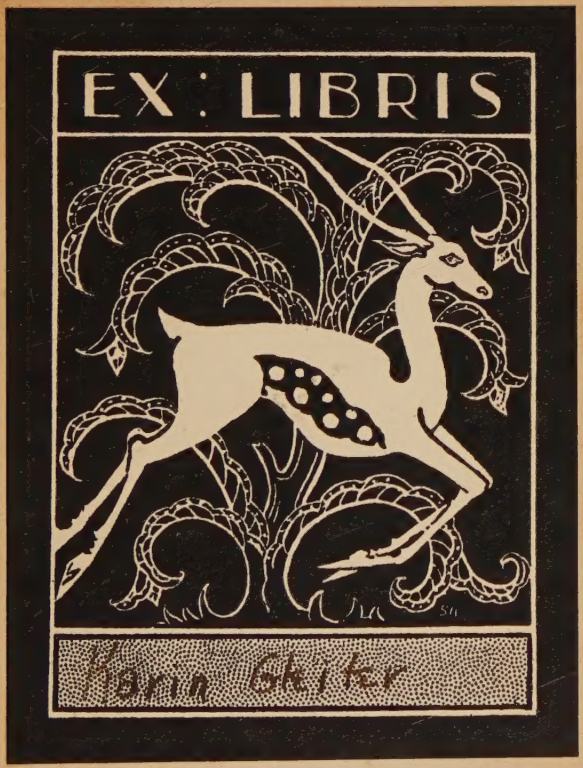
SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE

HUDSON

EX
LIBRIS
JAMES
H
TURNER

15



SHAKESPEARE'S

TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE.

WITH

INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON,

PROFESSOR OF SHAKESPEARE IN BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

BOSTON, U.S.A.:
PUBLISHED BY GINN & COMPANY.
1889.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by
HENRY N. HUDSON,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

TYPOGRAPHY BY J. S. CUSHING & CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.

PRESSWORK BY GINN & CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.

INTRODUCTION.

SHAKESPEARE in his policy of authorship just reverses that of the popular fiction-writers of our day. Niggard of space, prodigal of thought, he uses the closest compression, they the widest expansion: his aim is to crowd the greatest possible wealth of mind into a given time; theirs, to fill the largest possible time with a certain modicum of matter. The difference is greatly owing, no doubt, to the different spirit of the present age, which requires the popular author to be a miser of his own time, and a spendthrift of the reader's.

The Poet's structure of language and mode of expression are in keeping with this policy, and indeed took their growth under its discipline. Nor is this all. His whole cast of dramatic architecture and composition proceeds by the same laws. In studying a work of his, the mind, if really alive, does not stop with the work itself; for indeed this stands in vital continuity with a world outside of itself. He so keeps the relations of things, that besides what is expressed a great many things are suggested, and far more is inferred than is directly seen. Whatever matter he has specially in hand to bring forward and press upon the attention, the delineation opens out into a broad and varied background and a far-stretching perspective, with seed-points of light shooting through it in all directions. Thus, if we look well to it, we shall find that in one of his dramatic

groups the entire sphere of social humanity is represented, though sometimes under one aspect, sometimes under another; for the variety of these is endless; and the mind, instead of being held to what is immediately shown, is suggested away, as by invisible nerves of thought, into a vast field of inference and reflection. This is because the part of nature, as he gives it, is *relative* to the whole of nature; isolated to the eye indeed, for so it must be, but not to the mind. Hence, in reading one of his plays the hundredth time, one finds not only new thoughts, but new trains of thought springing up within him. For indeed what he opens to us is not a cask, but a fountain, and is therefore literally inexhaustible.

And this habit of mind, if that be the right name for it, grew upon the Poet as he became older and more himself, or more practised in his art. It may almost be said indeed that his later works would be better, if they were not so good; they being so overcharged with life and power as rather to numb the common reader's apprehensive faculties than kindle them; and in fact it is doubtful whether the majority of those who read Shakespeare ever grow to a hearty relish of them. For average readers, he was better when less himself; and so I have commonly found such readers preferring his earlier plays. And it is remarkable that even some of his critics and editors, especially those of the last age, thought he must have been past his prime and in the decadence of his powers, when he wrote *Antony and Cleopatra*, which is perhaps his crowning instance of workmanship overcharged with poetic valour and potency. But, generally, in the plays of his latest period, we have his fiery force of intellect concentrating itself to the highest intensity which the language could be made to bear, and

often exceeding even its utmost capacity; while in turn the language in his use became as a thing inspired, developing an energy and flexibility and subtilty such as may well make him at once the delight and the despair of all who undertake to write the English tongue. For he here seems a perfect autocrat of expression, moulding and shaping it with dictatorial prerogative; all this too, with the calmness of a spontaneous omniloquence. In his hands, indeed, the language is like a grand cathedral organ, with its every touch at his instant command, from the softest notes which the most delicate spirit of sense can apprehend, to the lordliest harmonies that mortal hearing is able to sustain.

Date of the Composition.

THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE, as it is called in the original copy, belongs, both by internal and external marks, to the last ten years of the Poet's life, — the same period which produced *Othello*, *Coriolanus*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale*. The only contemporary notice we have of it is from the *Diary* of Dr. Simon Forman, who gives with considerable detail the leading incidents of the play as he saw it performed somewhere between April, 1610, and May, 1611. It may be well to add that *Cymbeline*, as we learn by an entry of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, was acted at Court in January, 1633, and was "well liked by the King"; which is to me an interesting fact in reference to that ill-starred Prince, Charles the First, who, whatever may be thought of him as a statesman and ruler, was undoubtedly a man of royal tastes in literature and art.

There is no reason to doubt that *Cymbeline* was fresh

from the mint when Forman saw it. It has the same general characteristics of style and imagery as *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale;* while perhaps no play in the series abounds more in those overcrammed and elliptical passages which show too great a rush and press of thought for the author's space. The poetry and characterization, also, are marked by the same severe beauty and austere sweetness as in the other plays just named: therewithal the moral sentiment of the piece comes out, from time to time, in just those electric starts which indicate, to my mind, the Poet's last and highest stage of art.

The play was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it makes the last in the volume. It is there placed in the division of Tragedies, as *The Winter's Tale* is in that of Comedies; though the two might, I think, with more propriety be set apart in a class by themselves. For in these instances the Poet gave himself up more unreservedly than ever to the freedom and variety of Nature, ordering the elements of dramatic interest in utter disregard of dramatic precedent. For the divisions of Tragedy and Comedy are arbitrary; there is nothing answering to them in human life: and why should the Drama be tied to any other conditions than those of human life? And Shakespeare seems to have thought that there was no reason or law of Art why *all* the forms of human transpiration should not run together just as freely in the Drama as they do in fact. If he had been a pedant, he would not have thought so; but he was not a pedant. Nor have we any reason to suppose that the folio arrangement of the plays was of his ordering: it was the work, no doubt, of the Editors, who classed the plays according to their general affinities; and signs are not wanting that they were sometimes at a loss how to place them.

Sources of the Plot.

In its structure, *Cymbeline* is more complex and involved than any other of the Poet's dramas. It includes no less than four distinct groups of persons, with each its several interest and course of action. First, we have Imogen, Posthumus, Pisanio, and Iachimo, in which group the main interest is centred; then, the King, the Queen, and Prince Cloten, the Queen's shrewd blockhead of a son, who carry on a separate scheme of their own; next, the Imperial representative, Lucius, who comes first as Roman Ambassador to reclaim the neglected tribute, and then as general with an army to enforce it; last, old Belarius and the two lost Princes, who emerge from their hiding-place to bear a leading part in bringing about the catastrophe. All these groups however, though without any concert or any common purpose of their own, draw together with perfect smoothness and harmony in working out the author's plan; the several threads of interest and lines of action being woven into one texture, richly varied indeed, but seeming as natural as life itself; the more so perhaps, that the actors themselves know not how or why they are thus brought together.

The only part of the drama that has any historical basis is that about the demanding and enforcing of the Roman tribute. This Shakespeare derived, as usual in matters of British history, from Holinshed, who places the scene in the reign of the Emperor Augustus, and a few years before the beginning of the Christian era. The domestic part of the King's action, with all that relates to the Queen and Cloten, except the name of the latter, is, so far as we know, a pure invention of the Poet's; as is also the entire part of Belarius and the King's two sons, except that the names Guide-

rius and Arviragus were found in Holinshed. The main plot of the drama, except the strong part which Pisanio has in it, is of fabulous origin, the story however being used with the Poet's customary freedom of enrichment and adaptation.

What source Shakespeare drew directly from in this part of the work, is not altogether clear. During the Middle Ages, and under the Feudal system, heads of families were liable to be away from home, often for a long while together, in wars and military expeditions. Then too the hospitalities of those times were large and free, the entertainment of strangers and travellers being made much of in the code of ancient chivalry. Of course the fidelity both of husbands and wives was liable to be sorely tried during these long separations, the former by those whom they were meeting or visiting, the latter by those whom they were entertaining. It might well be, that absent husbands, full of confidence in those to whom and by whom the sacred pledge had been given, sometimes laid wagers on their fidelity, and encouraged or permitted trials of it to be made. Doubtless, also, there was many a polished libertine who took special pride in provoking some arrangement of the kind, or in making such trials without any arrangement. Thus questions turning on that point came to be matter of common and familiar interest, entering into the serious thoughts of people far more than is the case in our time. So that there was no extravagance in the incident on which the main plot of this drama turns.

The chief points in the story seem to have been a sort of common property among the writers of Mediæval Romance. The leading incidents — as the wager, the villain's defeat, his counterfeit of success, the husband's scheme of revenge by the death of the wife, her escape, his subsequent dis-

covery of the fraud, the punishment of the liar, and the final reunion of the separated pair — are found in two French romances of the thirteenth century, and in a French miracle-play of still earlier date. There are two or three rather curious indications that the miracle-play was known to Shakespeare, though this could hardly be, unless he read French. A rude version, also, of the story was published in a book called *Westward for Smelts*, and was entitled "The Tale told by the Fishwife of the Stand on the Green"; placing the scene in England in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and making the persons all English. This, however, cannot be traced further back than the year 1620, and there is no likelihood that the Poet had any knowledge of it. But the completest form of the story is in one of Boccaccio's Novels, the Ninth of the Second Day, where we have the trunk used for conveying the villain into the lady's bedchamber, his discovery of a private mark on her person, and her disguise in male attire. As these incidents are not found in any other version of the tale, they seem to establish a connection between the novel and the play. Boccaccio is not known to have been accessible to the Poet in English; but then it is quite probable, and indeed almost certain, that he was able to read Italian books in the original. The substance of the story is soon told.

Several Italian merchants, meeting in Paris, went to talking about their wives. All agreed in speaking rather disparagingly, except Bernabo, of Genoa, who said his wife was perfectly beautiful, in the flower of youth, and of unassailable honour. At this, Ambrogiulo became very loose-spoken, boasting that he would spoil her honour, if opportunity were given him. The wager was then proposed and accepted. Going to Genoa, the intriguer soon found that Ginevra had

not been overpraised, and that his wager would be lost unless he could prevail by some stratagem. So he managed to have his chest left in her keeping, and placed in her private chamber. When she was fast asleep, with a taper burning in the room, he crept from his hiding, made a survey of the furniture, the pictures, and at last discovered a mole and a tuft of golden hair on her left breast. Then, taking a ring, a purse, and other trifles, he crept back into the chest.

Returning to Paris, he called the company together and produced his proofs of success. Bernabo was convinced, and went to seeking revenge. Arriving near home, he sent for his wife, and gave secret orders to have her put to death on the road. The servant stopped in a lonely place, and told her of his master's orders; she protested her innocence, and begged his compassion; so he spared her life, and returned with some of her clothes, saying he had killed her. Ginevra then disguised herself in male attire, and got into the service of a gentleman who took her to Alexandria, where she gained the Sultan's favour, and was made captain of his guard. Not long after, she was sent with a band of soldiers to Acre, and there, going into the shop of a Venetian merchant, she saw a purse and girdle which she recognized as her own. On her asking whose they were, and whether they were for sale, Ambrogiulo stepped forth and said they were his, and asked her to accept them as a gift; at the same time telling her they had been presented to him by a married lady of Genoa. Feigning pleasure at the tale, she pursuaded him to go with her to Alexandria. Her next care was to have her husband brought thither. Then she prevailed on the Sultan to force from Ambrogiulo a public recital of his villainy; whereupon Bernabo owned that he

had caused his wife to be murdered. She now assures the Sultan that, if he will punish the villain and pardon Bernabo, the lady shall appear; and on his agreeing to this she throws off her disguise, and declares herself to be Ginevra, and the mole on her breast soon confirms her word: Ambrogiulo is put to death, and all his wealth given to the lady: the Sultan makes her rich presents of jewels and money besides, and furnishes a ship in which she and Bernabo depart for Genoa.

It may be gathered from this brief outline that in respect of character Imogen really has nothing in common with Ginevra. And indeed the Poet took none of his character from the novel, for this can hardly be said to have any thing of the kind to give; its persons being used only for the sake of the story, which order is just reversed in the play. But the novel presented certain obvious points of popular interest: these the Poet borrowed as a framework of circumstances to support his own original conceptions, evidently caring little for the incidents, as we care little for them, but in reference to this end.

General Characteristics of the Play.

I have spoken of the difficulty of classing *Cymbeline*, as it has too much of the tragic to be called a comedy, and yet not enough of it to be fairly ranked as a tragedy. Perhaps it may be taken as proof that the Gothic Drama, like the Gothic Architecture, is naturally capable of more variety than can be embraced within the ordinary rules of dramatic classification. Hazlitt describes it as a "dramatic romance"; which description probably fits it as well as any that can be given. For it has just enough of historical or traditionary

matter to give it something of a legendary character, while its general scope admits and even invites the freest playing-in of whatsoever is wild and wonderful and enchanting in old Romance. By throwing the scene back into the reign of a semi-fabulous king, the Poet was enabled to cast around the work an air of historical dignity, and yet frame the whole in perfect keeping with the deep, solemn, and all but tragic pathos in which it is keyed. A confusion of times, places, and manners, with the ceremonial of old mythology and the sentiments of Christian chivalry, the heroic deeds of earlier and the liberal ideas of later periods, all blended together without restraint and in the order merely of inherent fitness, the play has indeed some improbable incidents; yet the improbability is everywhere softened by distance, and even made grateful by the romantic sweetness, the sober wisdom, and the pathetic tenderness that spring up fresh and free in its course. All which may sufficiently account for the strong sentence some have put in against this play, and also for the equally strong and far wiser judgment of the poet Campbell, who regards it as "perhaps the fittest in Shakespeare's whole theatre to illustrate the principle, that great dramatic genius can occasionally venture on bold improbabilities, and yet not only shrive the offence, but leave us enchanted with the offender."

Schlegel pronounces *Cymbeline* "one of Shakespeare's most wonderful compositions." Few will deny that he has chosen the right word for the impression which the play leaves strongest in the mind. Several indeed surpass it in grandeur and vastness of design, but probably none in grace and power of execution. I cannot well conceive how a finer and more varied display of poetry and character could be reduced within the same compass. Except the vision and

what pertains to it, in the fifth Act, of which I am to speak further presently, the most improbable of the incidents were, as we have seen, borrowed from general circulation, the story having been cast into divers forms, and already fixed in the popular belief. The incidents being granted, Shakespeare's ordering of them to his use, the whole framing and managing of the plot so as to work out the result proposed, are exceedingly skilful and judicious. Take, for instance, the circumstances of the King's two sons having their home with the noble old exile in the mountain-cave, and of the heroine straying thither in disguise, faint and weary, and entering the rock in quest of food and rest, and what follows in her intercourse with the princely boys; — what could be more delightful, what more inspiring of truth and purity than all this? Will any one say that the sweet home-breathings of Nature which consecrate these delectable scenes do not a thousand times make up for the strangeness of the incidents? Of course the leading purpose of the play is to be sought for in the character of Imogen. Around this, however, are ranged a number of subordinate purposes, running out into a large diversity of matter and person; yet all are set off with such artful blendings and transitions of light and shade, and grouped with such mastery of perspective and such picturesque effect, that every thing helps every other thing, and nothing seems out of place.

It is to be noted, also, that the persons, for the most part, have each their several plot, and are all at cross-aims with one another, so that the ground-work of the drama presents little else than a tissue of counter-plottings. And all are thwarted in their turn, and, what is more, the final result is brought about by their defeat; as if on purpose to illustrate again and again that men are not masters of their lot; and

that, while they are each intent on their several plans, a higher Power is secretly working out other plans through them. Accordingly, if the bad thrive for a while, it is that they may at last be the more effectually caught and crushed in their own toils; if the good are at first cast down, it is that they may be uplifted in the end, and "happier much by their affliction made." And so, while the drama is bristling throughout with resolves and deeds, nevertheless all of them miscarry, all fail. It is the very prevalence, in part, of what we call chance over human design, that gives the work such a wild, romantic, and legendary character; making the impression of some supernatural power putting to confusion the works of men, that its own agency may be the more manifest in the order that finally succeeds.

Some Parts of it not Shakespeare's.

The play, notwithstanding, has one very serious and decided blemish. I refer to that piece of dull impertinence in the fifth Act, including the vision of Posthumus while asleep in the prison, the absurd "label" found on his bosom when he awakes, and the Soothsayer's still more absurd interpretation of the label at the close. For nothing can well be plainer than that the whole thing is strictly irrelevant: it does not throw the least particle of light on the character or motive of any person; has indeed no business whatever with the action of the drama, except to hinder and embarrass it. This matter apart, the *dénouement* is perfect, and the preparation for it made with consummate judgment and skill. And it is a noteworthy fact that, if the apparition, the dialogue that follows with the Jailer, the tablet, and all that relates to it, be omitted, there will

appear no rent, no loose stitch, nor any thing wanting to the completeness of the work.

It is difficult to believe that Shakespeare wrote the passages in question at any time; impossible, that he did so at or near the time when the rest of the play was written. For I think every discerning student will perceive at once that the style of this matter is totally different from that of all the other parts. How, then, came it there? Some consider it a relic of an older drama, perhaps one written by Shakespeare in his youth. But the more common opinion is, that it was foisted in by the players, the Poet himself having nothing to do with it. There is no doubt that such things were sometimes done. Still I am inclined to think that it was supplied by some other hand at the time, and that the Poet himself worked it in with his own noble matter, perhaps to gratify a friend; for he was a kind-hearted, obliging fellow, and probably did not see the difference between his own workmanship and other men's as we do. At all events, I am sure it must have got into the play from motives that could have had no place with him as an artist. And how well the matter was adapted to catch the vulgar wonder and applause of that day, may be judged well enough from the thrift that waits on divers absurdities of the stage in our time. Doubtless, in his day, as in ours, there were many who, for the sake of this blemishing stuff, would tolerate the glories of the play. — All the lines which are judged to fall under this exception are here marked with asterisks.

Imogen the Organic Force of the Play.

In Shakespeare's characteristic plays (for some of his earlier ones proceeded rather from imitation than character) there is always some one governing thought or organic idea,

which serves, secretly perhaps, but not the less effectively, both as a centre of interest and as a law in the composition. This governing thought is often difficult, sometimes impossible to be seized and defined; a kind of corporate soul; something too "deeply interfused" to be done up in propositions, or expressed in logical forms. It is like the constitution of a State, which cannot be put into words, nor cribbed up in definitions; a silent, unwritten law, which is nevertheless felt and obeyed, the more so, perhaps, that nobody can tell why: in fact, it is rather a social power than a law; a power that governs men most when they are least aware of it. The old Greeks were acquainted with it, or something like it, under the name of "the omnipresent power of King Nomos." And in matters of art Criticism has often damaged both itself and its subject by undertaking to make definitions of that which naturally is not capable of them.

In *Cymbeline* the governing thought is more accessible to criticism than in most of its compeers; the very complexity of the work having perhaps caused that thought to be emphasized the more. For, varied as are the materials of the drama, there is notwithstanding a deep principle of inward harmony pervading them all, and binding them together in the strictest coherence. Gervinus, the German critic, was the first, I believe, who rightly apprehended this point. "We have only," says he, "to examine its several parts according to their internal nature, and refer to the motives, and we shall catch the idea which links them together, and perceive a work of art whose compass widens and whose background deepens in such a manner, that we can only compare it with the most excellent of all that Shakespeare has produced!" This "idea," as Gervinus here calls it, has its clearest illustration in the heroine. Imogen is an impersonation of the

moral beauty of womanhood. This beauty is the vital current of the whole delineation, and every thing about her, her form, her features and expression, her dress, her walk, her speech, her every motion, all are steeped in its efficacy. Its leading development takes on the form of a calm, self-centred, immovable fidelity, all her other virtues coming out in the train of this. This virtue radiates from her into others, her presence acting as an inspiration of truth on most of those about her. Her husband is as strong in fidelity to her as she is to him: for it is observable that, while they each believe the other to be false, this belief never so much as tempts either with a thought of becoming so. They may be betrayed, but they will not betray. The same virtue shines out equally in their man Pisanio, whom the Queen rightly describes as "a sly and constant knave, not to be shaked." He deceives her indeed, or tries to do so, but only that he may be the truer where his obligations of truth are higher and more sacred. Nothing can start him from his fidelity. So too with the Court physician, Cornelius, who knows the Queen's character thoroughly, as he also does her feelings towards the Princess; therefore he distrusts her, and his sharp practice in cheating her is all because he must and will be faithful to those against whom she is plotting. And the studied hypocrisy of the courtiers proceeds from the same cause: not a man of them,

> Although they wear their faces to the bent
> Of the King's looks, but hath a heart that is
> Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Whatever else may happen to them, they cannot choose but be true to Imogen. Thus on all sides the heroine's truth begets truth, or finds it; and the several instances of

departure from it only serve to intensify it, and render it more pronounced. The Queen, to be sure, is deeply false, false to every thing but her son and her own ambition; while the King is too weak, and Cloten too wayward, to be either false or true. Iachimo, too, begins a thorough-paced concentration of falsehood; but he learns a new lesson from Imogen, and catches a soul of truth in his interview with her, which proves a seed of life, and keeps working in him, till it brings him out quite another man. And these exceptions, again, have the effect of emphasizing the leading thought by contrast, as the other instances just referred to do by reduplication. Finally, we have another issue of the same thing at bottom, in the stanch old manhood of Belarius. Many years back, two villains had falsely accused him to the King, who, preferring flattery to service, had thereupon stripped him of his possessions, and banished him. "Beaten for loyalty excited him to treason." In his first feeling of revenge, he caused the two infant Princes to be stolen from their nursery; but he has ever since been doing his best to build them up in all manly thoughts and virtues, that he might return them, as he does at last, far nobler men than court-breeding could have made them. Thus his fidelity approves itself the stronger and more fruitful in the end, for its temporary lapse; and he serves the King most truly when excluded from his service.

Character of Cymbeline.

It is not very apparent why this play should be named as it is. For Cymbeline himself is but a cipher, having no value of his own, and all his value depending on what stands before him; that is, he has no force but to augment

the force of somebody else. But his very impotence personally renders him important dramatically; that he has no spring in himself makes him in some sort the main-spring of the play. It was because he was weak that he drove Belarius into exile, and thus prepared one great source of wealth to the drama. It is for the same cause that he prefers the Queen's rickety, sputtering, blustering lump of flesh for his son-in-law, and banishes Posthumus, and withholds the Roman tribute. Therefore it is, too, that the Queen is able to hoodwink him so completely, that she feels safe in scheming against Imogen's life, and to that end gets the cordial which afterwards produces upon her the semblance of death. Hence, also, Cloten, with his empty head and savage heart, is encouraged to that pitch of insolence which prompts the flight and disguise of Imogen, that she may have "no more ado with that harsh, noble, simple nothing, whose love-suit hath been to her as fearful as a siege." Thus the King's weakness proves the seed-plot of the entire action. So that I suspect the play is rightly named, though some have thought otherwise.

It is curious to note how consistently the poor King maintains, throughout, this character of weakness. We have a fine instance of it when he utters what is meant for a curse on his daughter, while he has not force enough really to make it such: "Let her languish a drop of blood a day, and, being aged, die of this folly." By "this folly," he means her love for Leonatus; and she herself would ask no greater happiness than to die at a good old age of that. Compare this with old Lear's terrible imprecations on his unkind daughters, which seem to steep themselves right into the heart of their objects, poisoning and blasting the innermost springs of life. Again, in the interview with the Roman

Ambassador, the Queen and Cloten do the talking, the King merely echoing what they say, and thereby giving it the force of law. So too, when Cloten is off on his mad splurge of proposed murder and ravishment, and his mother's life is in danger with a fever of his absence, and the King finds a war on his hands, he is quite paralyzed, and has barely wit enough to deplore his want of wit:

> Now for the counsel of my son and Queen!
> I am amazed with matter.

He is indeed uxorious to the last degree, yet we cannot call him a henpecked husband, for he does not make resistance enough for that process. And the lords and courtiers never think of blaming him for any thing that is done; in fact, they hardly respect him enough for that. But they know that the Queen has him perfectly under her thumb, and that he sees only with her eyes, and acts only as she plans. And the dotage sticks to him like a chronic disease. On being told how the Queen has been practising against Imogen's life and his own, that she might work her sprawling hopeful into the adoption of the crown; and how, failing of this, she

> Grew shameless-desperate; open'd in despite
> Of Heaven and men her purposes; repented
> The evils she hatch'd were not effected, so,
> Despairing, died; —

still he cannot muster force enough to blame his weakness, but hugs it with the reflection,

> Mine eyes
> Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
> Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
> That thought her like her seeming: it had been vicious
> To have mistrusted her.

Nor does he learn any thing by experience, his own or anybody's else; even his acknowledged blunders only strengthen his habit of blundering. Accordingly, at the close, when the missing Cloten is inquired for, and Pisanio relates how he had posted away, "with unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate my lady's honour," and the heroic youth frankly declares how and why he has killed the arrogant booby; still the King, with his mind all imprisoned in regal formulas, and losing the plainest principles of right in a mere literal legality, insists on condemning the valiant stranger to death; from which he is diverted by the assurance that the youth is his own son.

Character of the Queen.

Cymbeline's character is further explained by that of the Queen, who rules, or rather misrules him. Her darling by a former husband she has set her heart upon matching with the Princess, who is expected to succeed her father in the kingdom: yet she seeks the match not so much from love of the poor clod as from a thirst of power, and partly because he is a clod, whom she thinks to manage, and thus secure her tenure of power. To this end, she has made the Court a place of incessant intrigue and machination, though in a rather small way. But she defeats her own shrewdness by overdoing it; like those overcrafty politicians whose excess of art and mystery renders them objects of suspicion and distrust. For she really deceives hardly any one except him who has most interest in not being deceived. The Princess understands her perfectly; and all her schemes are shattered in pieces against Imogen's firm, but quiet and unobtrusive discreetness. The courtiers hate and despise and fear the woman all at once; for they know both her

malice and her cunning, and that if they openly cross her she will point her shafts against them, and at the same time screen herself behind the irresponsibility of the crown. They therefore smile as the King smiles, and frown as he frowns, because they know that his smiles and frowns express not his own moods, but the Queen's. Thus her advantage over them explains the smooth dissimulation with which they parry her mischief. But their thoughts of her and her son come out, sometimes in their private talk, sometimes in pointed asides. At the close of a brief scene with Cloten, one of them soliloquizes the common feeling thus:

> That such a crafty devil as his mother
> Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
> Bears all down with her brain, and this her son
> Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
> And leave eighteen. — Alas, poor Princess,
> Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
> Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
> A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
> More hateful than the foul expulsion is
> Of thy dear husband! The Heavens hold firm
> The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshaked
> That temple, thy fair mind!

Prince Cloten.

The delineation of Cloten is very rich and full; partly in what he fumes or rattles out of himself, partly in the comments that are made about him. To the lords attending him, he is "a thing too bad for bad report." Yet in his presence they treat him with suppressed laughter and ironical praise; for he stirs no feeling in them so deep as wrath or even scorn. When he draws his sword on the banished Leonatus, the latter merely plays with him while seeming to

fight, and does not allow so much as his patience to be hurt; for he knows the poor roll of conceit will attribute his conduct to fear, and so think himself "alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions." Imogen bears his persecutions with calm patience, till he lets off an insolent strain of abuse against her exiled husband: then she quickly gives him enough, at the same time regretting that he puts her to "forget a lady's manners by being so verbal"; for she would rather he felt what she thinks of him "than make it her boast." But the shrewdest notes of him are from old Belarius when Cloten intrudes upon his mountain-home. Belarius has not seen him since he was a boy, but there is no mistaking him; in his case, at least, the man was bound to be just like the boy, only more so: discipline could do nothing for him:

> Long is it since I saw him,
> But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
> Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
> And burst of speaking, were as his.
>
> Being scarce made up,
> I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
> Of roaring terrors; for the act of judgment
> Is oft the cause of fear.
>
> Though his humour
> Was nothing but mutation, — ay, and that
> From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
> Absolute madness could so far have raved,
> To bring him here alone.

These sharp sentences touch the marrow of the subject.

Cloten, indeed, is a very notable instance of a man or a thing, with not merely a loose screw in the gearing, but with all the screws loose. He has often reminded me of Scott's description of Desborough in *Woodstock*: "His limbs

seemed to act upon different and contradictory principles. They were not, as the play says, in a concatenation accordingly: the right hand moved as if it were on bad terms with the left, and the legs showed an inclination to foot it in different and opposite directions." Precisely so it is with Cloten's mind. There are the materials of a man in him, but they are not made up: his whole being seems a mass of unhingement, disorder, and jumble, full of unaccountable jerks and spasms; the several parts of him being at incurable odds one with another, each having a will and a way of its own, so that no two of them can pull together. Hence the ludicrous unfitness of all that he does, and most that he speaks. He has indeed some gift of practical shrewdness, is not without flashes of strong and ready sense; yet even these, through his overweening self-importance of rank and place, only serve to invest him all the more with the air of a conceited, blustering, consequential blockhead. For instance, in the scene with the Ambassador, he says, referring to Julius Cæsar, "There is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but to own such straight arms, none"; where the pith of his ungeared and loose-screwed genius goes right to the mark, though it goes off out of time. It is curious to observe how in this scene his vein of sententious remark has the effect to heighten the ridiculousness of his character, from the St.-Vitus'-dance of mind through which it comes sprawling out. Therewithal he is rude, coarse, boisterous, vain, insolent, ambitious, malignant. Thus rendered ludicrous by whatever is best in him, and frightful by whatever is not ludicrous; savage in feeling, awkward in person, absurd in manners, — a — sputtering jolt-head; — he is of course the last man that any lady of sense or sensibility could be brought to endure. His calling Imogen an "im-

perceiverant thing," for not appreciating his superiority to Posthumus in the qualities that invite a lady's respect and affection, aptly illustrates the refined irony with which the character is drawn.

Cloten was for a long time considered unnatural. But it is nowise unlikely that Shakespeare may have met with prototypes of him in his observation of English lordlings and squires. Miss Seward, in one of her letters, describes a military captain whom she once knew; from which it seems that the character was not wholly obsolete in her time: "The unmeaning frown, the shuffling gait, the bustling insignificance, the fever-and-ague fits of valour, the froward techiness, the unprincipled malice, and, what is most curious, the occasional gleams of good sense amid the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man's brain"; — in all this, says she, "I saw the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature." And Gervinus speaks of it as "a lasting type of the man of rank and privileges, who has grown up in nothingness, and been trained in self-conceit."

The Libertine.

Iachimo is a sort of diluted Iago. And I am not sure but the Poet may have meant to intimate as much by the name; for *Iachimo* sounds to me like *Iago* with the intellectual hell-starch washed out. For we can hardly conceive of Iago's being penetrated by the moral beauty even of an Imogen. At the beginning of the play, Iachimo is in that condition where it may be justly said,

> The wise gods seel our eyes; make us
> Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
> To our confusion.

Like others of his class, he prides himself upon those arts in which he has probably had but too much success. Yet his conduct proceeds not so much from positive depravity of heart as because, either from lack of opportunity, or else from stress of youthful impulse, his conversations have not been with good company: or, to speak with more exactness, his atheism of womanly truth and honour is because he really has not met with them, while, again, his not meeting with them is because his tastes have not led him where they were to be found. Of course such men delight in making others do that for which they may scorn and revile them: hence their instincts guide them to frailty, and frailty in turn stuffs them with an opinion of their own strength. For it scarce need he said that this sort of conceit commonly grows by feeding on such experiences as are to be gained among those who dwell at or near the confines of virtue and shame.

Thus we find Iachimo at first in just that stage of moral sickness that he must be worse before he can be better. Accordingly his next step consists in adding lying to libertinism, black perfidy to sensual intrigue. And it is a noteworthy point, that he is all along doubtful of success: perhaps the hero's calmness of tone and bearing has planted this doubt in him: at all events, he manifestly apprehends failure, and so has an alternative ready in case he fail. So that his forging of proofs is deliberate and premeditated; he has been prepared for it from the start. In his present enterprise he gets a new experience. At the first sight of Imogen, he is struck with unaccustomed fear; his instincts are not at home there; and he exclaims, "Boldness, be my friend! arm me, audacity, from head to foot!" He soon has need of all the strength he can muster in that kind. He has much difficulty in making her understand his drift;

but, the moment she is sure of his meaning, her whole soul kindles into an overpowering energy of indignant astonishment. For the first and only time she uses the language and the gesture of stern insulted majesty, and with one blow of her tongue shatters his armour of audacity all in pieces. That she manifestly had never so much as imagined the possibility of such an assault, puts a second assault utterly out of the question: the villain has no stomach to try that game further; dare not even think of it. But, though her lightning instantly burns up his sensual thoughts, still it does not quite disconcert his address; he has studied his alternative part too well for that.

We see the effect of this interview already working upon him in the bedchamber-scene, and in what he soliloquizes over the sleeping Princess. Low-minded libertine as he is, her presence at once charms and chastens him. There he has a second inspiration of truth and manhood, deeper than the first: his thoughts catch the delicacy and purity of their object; and he dare not utter a foul word even to himself. His description of the sleeper would almost redeem him in our eyes, but that we know the grace of it comes not from him, but from her *through* him; and we regard it as something that must be divine indeed, not to be strangled in passing through such a medium. How thoroughly her sweetness chastises the gross devil in him, is piercingly indicated by his closing words:

> Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
> May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
> Though this a heavenly angel, Hell is here.

From this time forward, we feel morally certain that he never again tampers with a woman's honour. Our next

news of him is in connection with the gentlemen of Italy, who "promise noble service under the conduct of bold Iachimo." What it is that draws him back to Britain to face the perils of war, appears when Posthumus, disguised as a peasant, encounters him in the battle, "vanquisheth and disarmeth him, and then leaves him":

> The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
> Takes off my manhood: I've belied a lady,
> The Princess of this country, and the air on't
> Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
> A very drudge of Nature's, have subdued me
> In my profession?

Here we learn how, by the laws of moral reaction, the unaccustomed awe of virtue which Imogen struck into him has grasped him the more firmly, and kept working in him all the more powerfully, for the dreadful wrong he has done her. He does not recognize Posthumus; but an evil conscience attributes to his own sin what is really owing to the superior strength and skill of the conquering arm. And his inward history is told with still more emphasis in the last scene, when he discovers himself, and speaks of "that paragon for whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits quail to remember."

Thus the character illustrates Shakespeare's peculiar science and learned dealing in the moral constitution of man. In Iachimo's practice on the wager his disease reaches the extreme point, which, even because it is extreme, starts a process of moral revolution within him; setting him to a hard diet of remorse and repentance, and conducting him through these to renovation and health. It is, in short, one of those large over-doses of crime which sometimes have the effect of purging off men's criminality. For such is the

cunning leech-craft of Nature: out of men's vices she can hatch scorpions, to lash and sting them into virtue.

Delineation of Pisanio.

Those who think Shakespeare apt to postpone the rights of untitled manhood in favour of conventional aristocracy may be sent to school to Pisanio; who is, socially, the humblest person in the drama, yet his being is "all compact" of essential heroism. It is fairly questionable whether he has not as much of noble stuff in him, as much inward adornment and worth of character, as the hero himself. Nor does the Poet stint him of opportunity; but gives him an immediate partnership in the deepest interest of the play, and makes him share in the honour of the best characters, by his sympathy with them, and his self-sacrificing love and service to them. And, what is very strange, this is done with most effect in an instance where the man does not himself appear. For, as soon as Imogen understands Iachimo's proposal, the first thing she does is to call out, "What, ho, Pisanio!" as if she felt assured that this faithful guardian would instantly physic the devil out of the wretch who has thus dared to insult her; and she keeps on calling him, till the insult is withdrawn, and a satisfactory reason for it assigned.

With a fine instinct of rectitude, which pierces deeper perhaps than the keenest sagacity, Pisanio never misses the right, and never falters in his allegiance to it. His fidelity is tried to the utmost on all sides, but nothing so much as tempts him from it. After the Queen has plied him with offers of wealth and honours, he gives us his mind aside:

> But, when to my good lord I prove untrue,
> I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.

When Cloten worries him from point to point with threats and bribes, at last, to save his own life, he counterfeits a make-believe of yielding, but only that he may send the poor wretch off on a fool's errand, and to reap a fool's reward. And, if he becomes false to his master, it is only when and because he knows his master has become false to himself. The order from Posthumus to murder his mistress is the hardest trial of all; yet his resolution is instantly taken: "If it be so to do good service, never let me be counted serviceable." Imogen makes one mistake in regard to her husband: when her eyes have been stabbed with the "damn'd paper," her faith in him lapses into the heresy that "some jay of Italy, whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him." But the sorrowing servant keeps his faith unshaken, and at once divines the true cause of the monstrous charge:

> It cannot be but that my master is abused:
> Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
> Hath done you both this cursèd injury.

The pressure of duty on this nobleman in livery always makes the path light before him. He does indeed get mystified at last; but this is because he no longer has any thing to do: in the lack of work, and of information whereon to act, he becomes perplexed; but still retains his confidence in the providential safety of the good, and soothes his anxieties with the reflection, "Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd." His whole course shows not one self-regarding purpose or thought: he alone seems to live and breathe purely for others. And what shrewdness, what forecast, what fertility of beneficence there is in him! His character is lifted into the highest region of poetry by his

oblivion of self; and even those whom he serves derive much of their poetry from his disinterested and uncorruptible loyalty to them. For there is no stronger testimonial of worth than the free allegiance of such a manly soul.

I must add, that the best idea we get of Imogen at any one time is when Pisanio unconsciously describes her to herself:

> You must forget to be a woman; change
> Command into obedience; fear and niceness—
> The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
> Woman its pretty self—into a waggish courage;
> Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
> As quarrellous as the weasel; nay, you must
> Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
> Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
> Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
> Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
> Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
> You made great Juno angry.

In this delicious little bundle of poetry he gives both the obverse and the reverse of Imogen's character; yet neither of them sees it: for indeed her beauty so pervades his inner man, and circulates in his mental blood, that he cannot open his mouth to speak of woman, but that she fills it.

Character of the Hero.

The organization of the play evidently required that Posthumus should be kept mostly in the background; since, otherwise, he would have to stay beside Imogen; in which case he could not be cheated out of his faith in her, and so there would be no chance for the trial and proof of her constancy. Hence the necessity of putting so much respecting him into the mouths of the other persons; and certainly

their tongues are rich enough in his praise. The first scene, which is in substance a prologue to the action, is chiefly devoted to this purpose. There we learn that the hero, sprung of truly heroic stock, was left an orphan from the time of his birth:

> The King he takes the babe,
> Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber;
> Puts to him all the learnings that his time
> Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
> As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd, and
> In's spring became a harvest; lived in Court—
> Which rare it is to do — most praised, most loved;
> A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
> A glass that feated them; and to the graver
> A child that guided dotards.

Thus he has grown up the foster-brother and playfellow of the Princess; and their love, rooted in the innocence of childhood, and twining with all their childish thoughts and studies and pleasures, has ripened with their growth; and now appears a calm, deep, earnest thing, the settled habit of their souls, and not a recent visitation. And, when he urges her and she consents to a secret marriage, this is done in no transport of passion, but in the soberness of deliberate judgment and wisdom, to protect her and in her the State against the intriguing malice of the Queen and the splurging violence and incapacity of her son. Nor does the act involve any undutifulness to the King; for they both know that he is not his own man, and that he would be foremost in approving the match, but for the spell that keeps him from himself: in a word, it is not paternal right, but novercal machination that they cross and thwart. And, that we may rest assured that this is no self-deluding fancy of theirs, all are represented as secretly glad at what has been done, except those who have none but mean and selfish reasons for

impugning it. So that the marriage is really no breach of their characteristic faithfulness on either side. As for Imogen, she has weighed well both her father's rights and the counsels of reason, as she also has her own rights and the honour of the crown: she "chose an eagle, and did avoid a puttock." Her firm conscientiousness in the matter comes out decisively in what she says after bitter experience of the King's anger:

> My dearest husband,
> I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
> Always reserved my holy duty—what
> His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
> And I shall here abide the hourly shot
> Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
> But that there is this jewel in the world,
> That I may see again.

Such is the hero's form of character as expressed or inferred in the opening scenes. It was no easy thing to carry him through the part assigned him in the play, without discrediting the claims thus advanced. And the Poet clearly meant that Imogen's wisdom as approved in other things should stand to us a pledge of his worth; that "by her election should be truly read what kind of man he is." And not the least of Shakespeare's merits as an artist is the skill he has in making his characters so utter themselves as at the same time to mirror each other. In this instance, being forced to withdraw Posthumus from our immediate view, or else to set him before us in a somewhat unfavourable light, the best thing he could do was to give us a reflection of him from Imogen, and to reinforce her opinion by the free suffrage of other parties. And surely it were something bold in any man to wage his own judgment against hers in a matter of this kind; for, as Campbell says, "she hallows

to the imagination every thing that loves her, and that she loves in return."

Still one is apt to suspect that the man's high credit with Imogen and others is partly owing to the presence of such a foil as Cloten. And the grounds of complaint against him are two: first, his entering into the wager and encouraging the trial of his wife; second, his bloody purpose of revenge and his scheme for effecting it.

In regard to the first, he meets the insinuating freebooter in the company of well-reputed friends and under the roof of his honourable host, where he is bound by the laws of good-breeding to presume him worthy, and to treat him with respect. Then it is a high point of honour with him not to tolerate such low-thoughted and light-hearted petulance in his presence. Womanhood is to him a sacred thing: the whole course of his life has been such as to inspire him with the most chivalrous delicacy towards the sex: for his mother's sake and his own, but, above all, for Imogen's, the blood stirs within him, to hear woman made the theme of profane and scurrilous talk: the stale slander of libertine tongues his noble sensitiveness instinctively resents as the worst possible affront to himself. We have Iachimo's subsequent voucher for it, that during their conversation "he was as calm as virtue," guiding his words with discretion, as well as uttering them with spirit; and, withal, that "he was too good to be where ill men were, and was the best of all amongst the rarest of good ones." It is to be noted further, that he shows no purpose of accepting the wager, till the villain most adroitly hints that his reluctance springs from some lurking doubt of the lady's firmness; his very religion being thus entrapped into an allowance of the trial. And he rests in perfect confidence that the result will not only vindicate the

honour of the sex, but give him the right to call the man to account for his impudent and impious levity. The worst, then, we can say of him on this point is, that, like the noble Kent in *King Lear*, he "had more man than wit about him." But this, I opine, should rather augment our love than abate our respect.

I believe no one questions the sufficiency of Iachimo's proofs. The impartial Philario is convinced, and so are all the rest. And we have a shrewd approval of their judgment in what the Princess says on missing the bracelet from her arm: "I hope it be not gone to tell my lord that I kiss aught but him." Posthumus does not indeed suspect any lying and treachery in the business, and it would hardly be to his credit if he did. It is not in his nature nor in his principles to be any thing by halves. And his very fulness of confidence at first renders him the more liable to the reverse in the contingency that is to arrive: because he is perfectly sure that no proofs of success can be shown, therefore, when some such are shown, he falls the more readily into the opposite state. And this, undoubtedly, is in the right line of nature. For to shake the confidence of such a man in such a case, is to invert it all into distrust at once.

As to his rash and cruel scheme of revenge, what I have to say here is, that the best thing any man can do is, not to sin; the next best, when he has sinned, to repent. And it will do us no hurt to consider that the crown of all heroism in man or woman is repentance, so it be of the right sort. Now Posthumus does repent, — repents most nobly and heroically; keeping his repentance entirely to himself, and never giving the least hint of it to any person, till he has an opportunity to show it by "doing works meet for repentance." For an ostentatious repentance is only a replacing

of one bad thing by a worse. No sooner does our hero receive the counterfeit token of his order having been performed, than his memory begins to be panged for what he has done. Revenge gives way wholly to pity and remorse. He forgets the wrong he seems to have suffered, in the wrong he has done. Even granting the worst that he has been led to think, still he has no room but for grief that he did not leave the erring one a chance for the same "godly sorrow" with which his own heart is now exercised:

> You married ones,
> If each of you should take this course, how many
> Must murder wives much better than themselves!
>
> Gods! if you
> Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
> Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
> The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
> Me, wretch more worth your vengeance.

Henceforth he only studies to burn into his soul the bitter remembrance of his own ill. And in this process personal and patriotic feelings work together. For the wrong he has done to Imogen is not all: he seems to have wronged his country still more, in putting out the light of its dearest hopes, "the expectancy and rose of the fair State." Weary of life, he enlists into the army levied against Britain. Once more upon his native soil, he will do what he can to make amends:

> I am brought hither
> Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight
> Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
> That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
> I'll give no wound to thee. — I'll disrobe me
> Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
> As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
> Against the part I come with; so I'll die

> For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
> Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
> Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
> Myself I'll dedicate.

And how nobly the effect of all this inward discipline is pronounced at the close! Our hero has had enough of revenge: no more of that for him. He can easier pardon even Iachimo's crime than his own. And so, when the reformed rake sinks on his knee, and begs him, "Take that life which I so often owe"; he replies,

> Kneel not to me:
> The power that I have on you is to spare you;
> The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
> And deal with others better.

Such is the liberal redemption with which the character of Posthumus is crowned in the latter part of the play. And if he, a Pagan, could so feel the sweetness of mercy, I think we Christians should not feel it less. — Posthumus is *secretly* noble; and that is nobleness indeed!

The Heroine.

Imogen is the peer of Cordelia and Hermione and Perdita and Miranda; though at the same time as different from them all as any two of them are from each other. Other of Shakespeare's heroines are equal to her in the conception, but none of them is carried out with such sustained force and wealth of development: she is the circle and aggregate of eloquent womanhood, and we are given to see and feel all that she is. For, as Gervinus remarks, "she is, next to Hamlet, the most fully-drawn character of Shakespeare's poetry." Perhaps she does not touch the

imagination quite so enchantingly as Miranda, nor the heart quite so deeply as Cordelia; but she goes near to make up the account by combining, as far as seems possible, the interest of both.

Already a wife when we first see her, Imogen acts but little in any other quality; yet in this one she approves herself the mistress of all womanly perfections, such as would make glad the heart and life of whoever stood in any relationship with her. That her attractions may appear the more as in herself, not in the feelings of others, that is, in her character, not in her sex, the latter is part of the time hidden from those about her: yet without any of the advantages that would arise from its being known what she is; disrobed of all the poetry and religion with which every right-minded man invests the presence of womanhood; still she kindles a deep, holy affection in every one that meets with her. Hazlitt, with much liveliness but more perversity of criticism, says, "Posthumus is only interesting from the interest she takes in him, and she is only interesting herself from her tenderness and constancy to her husband." If this be true, how is it that she so wins and wears the hearts of those who suspect not what she is? Why should wise and reverend manhood exclaim at sight of her, "Behold divineness no elder than a boy!" In truth, the "sweet, rosy lad," and the "page so kind, so duteous-diligent," is hardly less interesting, though in a different sort, than the lady, the princess, and the wife. But is it to us, and not to the other persons of the drama, that "she is only interesting from her tenderness and constancy to her husband"? Nay, much of the interest we take in her as a woman and a wife springs from the feelings kindled in others towards her as a sad, sweet, lovely boy. Indeed, so far from just is Hazlitt's remark, that there

is no character in Shakespeare more apt to inspire one with the sentiment,

> What joy to hear thee, and to see!
> Thy elder brother I would be,
> Thy father, any thing to thee.

I have noted what it is that leads in the transpiration of Imogen's character. But, observe, hers is a fidelity not only of person to person, but of person to truth and right. Her moral delicacy shrinks from the least atom of untruth. This is touchingly shown when Lucius finds her weeping upon the headless trunk of Cloten, which, being dressed in her husband's clothes, she mistakes for his: she gives *Richard du Champ* as the name of her slain master, and then says aside, "If I do lie, and do no harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope they'll pardon it." We have already seen how, in the case of Iachimo, her moral beauty "creates a soul under the ribs of death." The Queen, too, hard-faced tyrant as she is, and so skilled to "tickle where she wounds," cannot choose but soften towards her: "She's a lady so tender of rebukes, that words are strokes, and strokes death to her." Even to the dull Cloten, "from every one the best she hath, and she, of all compounded, outsells them all." And when she asks the Roman General to take her into his service as a page: "Ay, good youth; and rather father thee than master thee." To old Belarius, when he returns with his youthful companions, and finds her in the cave: "But that it eats our victuals, I should think here were a fairy." — "By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not, an earthly paragon!" And to the noble lads: "How angel-like he sings!" — "But his neat cookery! he cut our roots in characters, and sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick and he her dieter." — "Nobly he yokes a smiling with a sigh; as if the sigh was that it was for not

being such a smile." And her father, when all are together, and their troubles over:

> Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
> And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
> On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
> Each object with a joy.

But it is needless to dwell upon, impossible to exhaust, the beauty of this delineation. The whole play is full of the divinest poetry, and it is nearly all inspired by the heroine, except what she herself utters and is.

Imogen has all the intelligence of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, without any of Portia's effort or art. Portia always tries to be wise, and always succeeds; Imogen succeeds at least as well without trying: and her wisdom is better than Portia's inasmuch as, springing rather from nature than from reflection, it comes forth so freely that she never thinks of it herself. Then too her strength of intellect hides itself in delicacy; her variety and amplitude of mind in the exquisite grace and symmetry of all the parts. And how delightfully her mental action hovers in what may be called the borderland of instinct and consciousness, or of intuition and discourse! so that we are often at a loss whether it is she that speaks, or Nature that speaks through her. Clearness of understanding, depth and purity of feeling, simplicity and harmony of character, and the whole complexion made eloquent with perfect inward freshness and health, — such is this most Shakespearian structure of womanhood. Hence, while she always takes care that her thoughts and deeds be handsome and right, — hence the charming unconcernedness with which she leaves the event to take care of itself.

Imogen is as spirited, withal, as she is intelligent, whenever duty bids or permits her to be so. Her anger is hard

indeed to arouse, but woe to the man that does arouse it. Notwithstanding her sharp trials and vexations, though pursued by cunning malice and "sprighted by a fool," the calm sweetness of her temper is ruffled but twice, and this is when duty to herself and her husband requires it. In both cases her anger is like a flash of lightning, brief, but sure. Not even Cloten's iron stomach is proof against her scorching strokes, when her spirit is up. And she is all the more beautiful that she knows how to be terrible.

Of her disguise we take no thought, because she takes none. In this behalf, however, the Poet is very careful of her, bringing her in contact with none but the honourable and holy Lucius, and the tender and reverential dwellers in the cave, where her modesty is in no peril from the familiarity of those who believe her to be what she seems; otherwise her sensitive feminine delicacy would be almost sure to discover her. But, as it is, she shows no fear and makes no effort, either, like Rosalind, lest she betray her sex to others, or, like Viola, lest she wrong it to herself: all its proprieties are indeed preserved; yet she seems no more conscious of doing this than of the circulation of her blood. Her thoughts and feelings are intent on other matters; and such is her command of our sympathies, that for the time being she empties our minds of every thing but what is in her own. And it is much the sāme with her personal beauty: we never think of it at all save when others are speaking of it. And the reason seems to be, partly because she wears it so unconsciously herself, partly because, when she is before us, the radiance of her person is quenched in that of her mind and character; she so fills the inner eye, that what touches the outer is scarce heeded more than if it were not.

We can hardly say that Imogen is made any better by her

trials and sufferings, for she seems just the same at the first as at the last. But hers is the far nobler part to suffer that others may be made better: for herself she seems to have needed no such discipline, but others needed that she should have it; and we have seen how her sufferings work the redemption of her principal wrongers. Need I add how divinely the Poet has woven into the texture of this delineation the profoundly Christian idea that the truly miserable person is not the sufferer but the doer of wrong?

Belarius and the Princes.

In the two Princes the Poet again shows his preference of the innate to the acquired; if indeed one may venture to affirm what is due to nature, and what to art, in a place where have fallen the instructions of the veteran sage and hero whom they call father. From the lips of old Belarius they have drunk in the lore of wisdom and virtue: all their nobler aptitudes have been fed and nourished alike by the stories of his life and by the influences of their mountain-home. What they hear from him makes them desire to be like him when they are old; and this desire prompts them to go where he has been, see what he has seen, and do as he has done. So that all his arguments for keeping them withdrawn from the world are refuted by his own character; they cannot rest away from the scenes where such treasures grow. He tells them,

> The gates of monarchs
> Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through,
> And keep their impious turbans on, without
> Good morrow to the Sun:

he warns them that this life

> Is nobler than attending for a check;
> Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:

he assures them that for twenty years

> Here he has lived at honest freedom; paid
> More pious debts to Heaven than in all
> The fore-end of his time:

still they cannot but believe that the seed, which has ripened up into a wisdom so august and tender and sweet, was sown in him, as indeed it was, before he came there. The wealth of experience in him and the wealth of nature in them are both equally beautiful in their way, both equally becoming in their place; and if they have been to him the best of materials to work upon, he has also been to them the best of workmen. And yet the old man, glorious in his humility, imputes to their royal blood the high and heroic thoughts which his own great and childlike spirit has breathed into them:

> O thou goddess,
> Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
> In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
> As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
> Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
> Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind,
> That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
> And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful
> That an invisible instinct should frame them
> To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
> Civility not seen from other; valour,
> That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
> As if it had been sow'd.

The Poet had no occasion to discriminate these young gentlemen very sharply, still on close inspection we can see that they are by no means duplicates. The elder, Guiderius, is the stronger and manlier spirit of the two; Arviragus the

more gentle and tender. Accordingly the former, when Cloten tries to frighten him with his empty bravado, answers,

> Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise;
> At fools I laugh, not fear them.

So too in his sportive daring of consequences, after he has cut off the poor thing's head:

> I'll throw't into the creek
> Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
> To tell the fishes he's the Queen's son, Cloten:
> That's all I reck.

On the other hand, Arviragus, in his grief at the seeming death of Imogen, loses himself in the pathetic legend of the Children dying in the wood, and the robins covering them with moss and flowers, till his brother chides him for "playing in wench-like words with that which is so serious."

But they both reflect with equal clearness the image of their teaching. Except themselves, truth, piety, gentleness, heroism, are the only inmates of their rocky dwelling. Love and reverence, the principles of whatsoever is greatest and best in human character, have sprung up in their breasts in healthy, happy proportion, and indissolubly wedded themselves to the simple and majestic forms of Nature around them. And how inexpressibly tender and sweet the pathos that mingles in their solemnities round the tomb of their gentle visitor, supposed to be dead! But, indeed, of these forest-scenes it is impossible to speak with any sort of justice. And we cannot tell whether the "holy witchcraft" of these scenes is owing more to the heroic veteran, the two princely boys, or the "fair youth" that has strayed amongst them,

> A lovely apparition, sent
> To be a moment's ornament.

It is hardly too much to say, that whatever is most beautiful elsewhere in the Poet is imaged here in happier beauty. And, when the youthful dwellers in the mountain and the rock, awed and melted by the occasion, weep and warble over the grave of that "blessed thing" that seems to have dropped down from Heaven merely to win their love and vanish, one would think the scene must, as Schlegel says, "give to the most deadened imagination a new life for poetry."

CYMBELINE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.

GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, } his Sons; disguised as Polydore and Cadwal.

CLOTEN, Son to the Queen.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS.

BELARIUS, a banished Lord.

PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus, IACHIMO, Friend to Philario, } Italians.

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces.

PISANIO, Servant to Posthumus.

Two British Captains.

A Roman Captain.

CORNELIUS, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

Two Jailers.

QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, Daughter to Cymbeline.

HELEN, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE. — *Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Britain. The Garden of* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
Not more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the King.[1]

[1] The King has his face clouded because of his daughter's marriage, and the courtiers all pretend to feel just as he does about it. *Bloods* is put for

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son, — a widow
That late he married, — hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the King?

1 Gent. He that hath lost her too; so is the Queen,
That most desired the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's looks, but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so?

1 Gent. He that hath miss'd the Princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,
I mean, that married her, — alack, good man,
And therefore banish'd! — is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the Earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 Gent. You speak him far.

1 Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself;[2]

tempers or *dispositions;* and men's tempers were supposed to be subject to "skyey influences," or to sympathize with the tempers of the sky. So in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1599: "If the King smiled, every one in Court was in his jollitie; if he frowned, their plumes fell like peacocks' feathers." Also in Chapman's *Tragedy of Byron:* "They keepe all to cast in admiration on the King; for from his face are all their faces moulded."

[2] *Extend* is probably used here in the legal sense of to *estimate* or *ap-*

Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 Gent. What's his name and birth?

1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did gain his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius,[3] whom
He served with glory and admired[4] success;
So gain'd the sur-addition[5] Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of's issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Mother of this gentleman our theme, deceased
As he was born. The King he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthúmus Leonatus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In's spring became a harvest; lived in Court —

praise. So that the meaning is, "My description falls short of what he is in himself." See *As You Like It*, page 78, note 3.

[3] Tenantius was the father of Cymbeline, and the son of Lud. On the death of Lud, his younger brother, Cassibelan, took the throne, to the exclusion of the lineal heir. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first invasion, but was vanquished on their second, and agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, his nephew Tenantius was established on the throne. Some authorities tell us that he quietly paid the tribute stipulated by his usurping uncle; others, that he refused it, and warred with the Romans; which latter account is the one taken for true by the Poet.

[4] *Admired* for *admirable*, and in the sense of *wonderful*. Repeatedly so.

[5] *Sur-addition* is *surname* or *superadded title*.

Which rare it is to do — most praised, most loved ;[6]
A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature
A glass that feated them ;[7] and to the graver
A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, — her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to th' King?

1 Gent. His only child.
He had two sons, — if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it, — the eld'st of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n ; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?

1 Gent. Some twenty years.

2 Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd !
So slackly guarded ! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

1 Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.

1 Gent. We must forbear : here comes the gentleman,

[6] "This enconium," says Johnson, "is highly artful. To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praised* is truly *rare*."

[7] Their *pattern* or *model ;* the glass whereby they trimmed up and accomplished themselves. In like manner, the Poet describes Hotspur as "the glass wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."

The Queen, and Princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but
Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. — For you, Posthúmus,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the King
Hath charged you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing —
Always reserved my holy duty — what
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness

Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter the Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. — [*Aside.*] Yet I'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries; to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences.[8] [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another? —
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And cere up my embracements from a next

[8] Meaning that the King is so infatuated with her, that the more she offends him, the more he lavishes kindnesses upon her, in order to purchase her good-will.

With bonds of death ![9] — Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on ![10] And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*
Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?
Post. Alack, the King!

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Lords.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the Court!
I'm gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair[11] my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me![12]

[9] Shakespeare calls the *cere-cloths*, in which the dead are wrapped, the *bonds of death*. In *Hamlet*, i. 4, he uses *cerements* in much the same way.

[10] While I have sensation to retain it. There can be no doubt that *it* refers to the ring, and it is equally obvious that *thee* would have been more proper. But Shakespeare has many such inaccuracies of language.

[11] To *repair* is, properly, to *restore* to the first state, to *renew*.

[12] This expression has been thought much too tame for the occasion. Gervinus regards it, and, I think, justly, as an instance of the King's general

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I'm senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my Queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.[13]

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthúmus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—

Re-enter the Queen.

They were again together: you have done

weakness: his whole character is without vigour; and whenever he undertakes to say or do a strong thing, he collapses into tameness.

[13] A *puttock* is a mean degenerate hawk, not worth training.

Not after our command. Away with her!
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience. — Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! — Sweet sovereign, leave
Us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.[14]

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly![15] [*Exeunt* CYMBELINE *and* Lords.

Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO.

Here is your servant. — How now, sir! What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile! — [*Aside.*] O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. — Why came you from your master?

[14] *Advice* is *consideration* or *reflection.* Often so.

[15] Another apt instance of the weakness that permits the old King to be such a hen-pecked husband. By "this folly" he means Imogen's love for Posthumus; and she would ask no greater happiness than to die at a good old age of that disease. Of course, the King means it for a curse; but he has not snap enough to make it such.

Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. — *The Same. A Public Place.*

Enter Cloten *and two* Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

1 Lord. Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.[1]

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

[1] That is, to the jail, the place where other bankrupt debtors go. Alluding to Cloten's awkwardness in the handling of his sword.

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.[2]

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

2 Lord. I'll attend[3] your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

[2] The more common explanation of this is, that "anciently almost every sign had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism underneath." But the Poet elsewhere uses *reflection* for *radiance* or *light*. See *Macbeth*, page 50, note 9. So I suspect *sign* is here used in the astronomical sense. As Heath explains, "She is undoubtedly a *constellation* of considerable lustre, but it is not displayed in her wit; for I have seen but little manifestation of that." This is in accordance with the next speech, where *reflection* is used in its ordinary sense. Shakespeare often uses *wit* for *judgment*, *understanding*, or *wisdom*.

[3] *Attend*, as often, in the sense of *wait for* or *meet*, and not in that of *go along with*. Hence Cloten says, "Nay, *let's go together*."

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Room in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is.[1] What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, His queen, his queen!

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd the balls,
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space[2] had pointed him sharp as my needle;

[1] "It were a paper lost, which would be as welcome to me as a pardon to a condemned criminal." — HEATH.

[2] "The diminution *of space*" is the diminution *caused by distance.* The Poet has other like instances of lingual usage.

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.[3]

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say. Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in Heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words,[4] comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *Vantage* or *advantage* was often thus used for *opportunity*.

[4] *Charming words* are *enchanting words;* words which, as by the power of enchantment, should guard his heart against the assaults of temptation; or tie her kiss upon his lips with such "might of magic spells" that "the shes of Italy" should not be able to steal it off. So, a charmed shield was a shield that could not be pierced. See *Macbeth*, page 163, note 4.

SCENE IV. — *Rome. An Apartment in* PHILARIO'S *House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.[1]

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note;[2] expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is with that which makes him[3] both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the Sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's daughter — wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own — words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.[4]

French. And then his banishment, —

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him;[5] be it but to fortify her judgment, which else

[1] The Dutchman and the Spaniard are but mutes in the scene.

[2] Of *growing reputation.* We should say, becoming a man of *mark.*

[3] That is, *completes* or *accomplishes* him.

[4] Makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

[5] To stretch his reputation beyond his merits. — Those "under her colours" are those on her side, the favourers of her marriage. — *Approbation* properly requires a verb in the singular, but the Poet has many such instances of grammatical discord. See *Hamlet*, page 57, note 12. — *Quality*, second line below, is *pursuit, calling*, or *profession.* Iachimo means that Posthumus is a beggar *in fact*, though not in name, or though he does not

an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar, without his quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will[6] be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone[7] my countryman and you: it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal[8] a purpose as then each bore, upon importance[9] of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard than in my

practise begging for a livelihood; in short, that he is a beggar without *a beggar's vocation*. The Poet often uses *quality* in this sense. See *Hamlet*, page 111, note 52.

[6] The usage of our time requires *shall* here instead of *will*.

[7] *Atone*, as usual, in the sense of to *reconcile* or *at-one*.

[8] *Mortal*, here, is *deadly* or *fatal*. Often so. See *Macbeth*, page 68, note 6.

[9] *Importance* was sometimes used for *import*. Thus in *The Winter's Tale*, v. 2: "A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder could not say, if the *importance* were joy or sorrow." The word in the text has sometimes been wrongly explained *importunity*.

every action to be guided by others' experiences:[10] but, upon my mended judgment, — if I offend not to say it is mended, — my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other,[11] or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching — and upon warrant of bloody affirmation — his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.[12]

Iach. As fair and as good — a kind of hand-in-hand comparison[13] — had been something too fair and too good for

[10] Rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of others than to be guided by their experience.

[11] That is, *destroyed*. *Confound* is often so used by the Poet.

[12] *Friend* and *lover* were used synonymously. "Not *merely* her friend," is the speaker's thought. Posthumus means that he regards Imogen rather with the reverence of a worshipper than with the fondness of a lover.

[13] What is "a hand-in-hand comparison"? Is *hand-in-hand* used in the sense of *tame* or *ordinary*, such a comparison as might be made of almost any lady? Perhaps so; as we speak of people as going hand in hand, meaning that they go on a footing of equality.

any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could but believe she excelled many;[14] but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase or merit for the gift; the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange[15] fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince[16] the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get

[14] The meaning is, "I could believe *only* that she excelled *many*, not *all*."

[15] *Strange* in the sense of *alien* or *foreign*, — *not belonging there*.

[16] To *convince* in the sense of to *overcome* or *subdue*. Often so.

ground of your fair mistress, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.[17]

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused[18] in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more, — a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation[19] of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; who in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the Court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser.[20] If you

[17] *To* was very often used where we should use *for* or *as*.

[18] *Abused* is *deceived* or *imposed upon*. A frequent usage.

[19] *Approbation* in the sense of *making good* or *proving true*; as *approve* was often used. See *The Winter's Tale*, page 70, note 23.

[20] You are the wiser in fearing to have your wife put to the proof. To

buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken,[21] I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. — If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, — you not making it appear otherwise, — for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her honour, you shall answer me with your sword.

screw Posthumus up to the sticking-point, the villain here imputes his backwardness to a distrust of his wife, and so brings his confidence in her over to the side of the wager and trial. So in what Iachimo says just after: "But I see you have some religion in you, that *you fear*"; that is, evidently, fear to have your wife's honour attempted, lest it should give way. It scarce need be said, that to such a man as Iachimo *religion* and *superstition* are synonymous terms.

[21] That is, "I will *undertake* what I have *said*." Such is often the meaning of *undergo*. See *Julius Cæsar*, page 69, note 32.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and* IACHIMO.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Britain. A Room in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter the Queen, Ladies, *and* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch. — [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay; here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*
But, I beseech your Grace, without offence, —
My conscience bids me ask, — wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great King himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded, —

Unless thou think'st me devilish, — is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions?[1] I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, — but none human, —
To test the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act;[2] and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee. —
[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he's factor for his master,
And enemy to my son. —

Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio! —
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To* PISANIO.] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;

[1] *Conclusions* in the old sense of *experiments*. "I commend," says Walton, "an angler that *trieth conclusions*, and improves his art."

[2] *Act* here means *action*, *operation*, or *effect*.

Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.[3]

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench,[4] and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being[5]
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,

[3] This speech might be cited as proving that Shakespeare preferred expectation to surprise as an element of dramatic interest. Johnson thought it "very inartificial" that Cornelius should thus "make a long speech to tell himself what he already knows." And the speech seems fairly open to some such reproof. But it prepares, and was doubtless meant to prepare, us for the seeming death and revival of Imogen; and without some such preparation those incidents would be open to the much graver censure of clap-trap. The expectancy thus started is at all events better than attempting to spring a vulgar sensation upon the audience.

[4] To *quench* must here mean to *grow cool;* an odd use of the word.

[5] "To *shift* his *being*," is to *change* his *dwelling* or his place of abode.

To be depender[6] on a thing that leans ;
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
[*The* Queen *drops the box ;* PISANIO *takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him? Thou takest up
Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it ;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her ; do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou chancest on ; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
Think on my words. — [*Exit* PISANIO.
A sly and constant knave ;
Not to be shaked ; the agent for his master ;
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast[7] to her lord. I've given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers[8] for her sweet ; and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured

[6] The infinitive used gerundively. So that the meaning is, "*by being* depender," &c., or *from being*. And so before, in scene iii.: "I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd the balls, *to look* upon him;" that is, *by looking*.

[7] *Hand-fast* is the same as *troth-plight*, or *marriage*.

[8] A *lieger* is an ambassador; one that resides in a foreign Court to promote his master's interest.

To taste of too. —

Re-enter PISANIO *and* Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. — Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.

Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. — *The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd; — O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! Blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills;
Which seasons comfort:[1] but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.

[1] To *season* a thing is to give it a relish: the word is constantly so used in cookery. — The meaning of the passage is, the homely freedom of those who dwell in the poorest cottages, those who are left to the enjoyment of their honest wills, is what puts a relish into the comforts of life, and makes them blessings indeed.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. [*Aside.*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' Arabian bird;[2] and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.] *He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.*[3] —— LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully. —
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thanks, fairest lady. —
What, are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch and the rich scope
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt

[2] The Arabian bird is the Phœnix, of which there could be but one living at once; and so it had no equal. The Poet uses it repeatedly in comparisons. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, page 103, note 1.

[3] "Your *trust*," here, is "*my* trust in you," or "the trust I repose in you." Observe, Imogen reads aloud only the first two sentences of the letter, and then skips all the rest till she comes to the signature, which she also pronounces aloud. For this use of the genitive see *Tempest*, page 132, note 3.

The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon th' unnumber'd beach? [4] and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration? [5]

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows [6] the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit from emptiness, [7]
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow? [8]

Iach. The cloyèd will, —
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, — ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? [9] Are you well?

[4] Which can distinguish betwixt the pebbles, though as like one another as twins, that lie numberless on the beach. *Unnumber'd* for *innumerable*, Shakespeare has many instances of like usage. See *King Lear*, page 173, note 3. — *Partition*, in the next line, means *distinction*.

[5] "What *causes* your *wonder?*" *Admiration* in its Latin sense.

[6] *Mows* is *wry faces;* as to *mow* or *moe* is to *make mouths*.

[7] Would make a hungry man vomit from an empty stomach. *Should* for *would;* as *would* occurs just before in the same construction; the two being often used indiscriminately.

[8] *Trow* was sometimes used for *I wonder*. See *Much Ado*, p. 85, n. 11.

[9] "What casts you into such a *rapture* or trance? what so ravishes you from yourself?" Walker quotes a like instance of *rap* from Shirley:

> Prithee, unlock thy word's sweet treasury,
> And *rape* me with the music of thy tongue.

Iach. Thanks, madam; well. — [*To* PISANIO.] Beseech you, sir, desire [10]
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.[11]
Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*
Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?
Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; [12] whiles the jolly Briton —
Your lord, I mean — laughs from's free lungs; cries *O,*
Can my sides hold, to think that man — who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be — will his free hours languish for
Assurèd bondage?

[10] *Desire* here means *seek*, or *inquire out.*

[11] He is a *stranger* here, and is *foolish*, or *ignorant.* This use of *peevish* in the sense of *foolish* was very common.

[12] The sigh-like noise of furnaces appears to have been a favourite source of imagery with Shakespeare. So in *As You Like It*, ii. 7: "And then the lover, *sighing* like *furnace.*"

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, Heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet Heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully: in himself, 'tis much;
In you, — which I 'count his, — beyond all talents.[13]
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do — I was about to say —
But 'tis an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you, —
Since doubting things go ill[14] often hurts more

[13] The meaning appears to be, "Heaven's bounty towards him in his own person is great; but in you, — for I regard you as his treasure, — it is beyond all estimate of riches."

[14] That is, "since *fearing that* things go ill." The Poet often has *doubt* in its old sense of *fear* or *suspect*. See *Hamlet*, page 68, note 46.

Than to be sure they do ; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born, — discover to me
What both you spur and stop.[15]

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here ; should I — damn'd then —
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood,[16] — falsehood, as
With labour ; then sit peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; — it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

[15] The information which you seem to press forward and yet withhold. The allusion is to horsemanship. So in Sidney's *Arcadia* : "She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably *spurred*, but so *short-reined*, as he cannot stirre forward."

[16] Made hard by hourly clasping hands in vowing friendship, or in sealing covenants, falsely.

Iach. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery
Would make the great'st king double,[17] to be partner'd
With tomboys, hired with that self exhibition[18]
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff[19]
As well might poison poison! Be revenged;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true, —
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse, — if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me[20]
Lie, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!

[17] And fasten'd, by inheritance, to such an *empire* or *kingdom* as would double the power of the greatest king.

[18] *Self* is here used for *self-same*. — *Tomboy*, which is now applied sometimes to a rude romping girl, formerly meant a wanton. — *Exhibition* is *allowance* or *maintenance*. See *Othello*, page 73, note 27.

[19] Alluding to the old mode of treating what was called the French disease, by using "the sweating-tub."

[20] A pretty bold ellipsis. The meaning is, "*If I were you*, should he," &c. — Diana's priests were *maiden* priests. So, in *Pericles*, v. 2, Diana says, "When my *maiden priests* are met together."

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, — as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the Devil alike. — What ho, Pisanio! —
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his Court, to mart
As in a Romish [21] stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all. — What, ho, Pisanio! —

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. — Blessèd live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest-manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

[21] *Romish* for *Roman* was the language of the time. — To *mart* is to *trade* or *traffic*. See *Hamlet*, page 51, note 25.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err:[22] the love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: take my power i' the Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
T' entreat your Grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord, —
The best feather of our wing, — have mingled sums
To buy a present for the Emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,[23]
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since

[22] *Which*, in this clause, probably refers to *judgment*, and the sense of *cannot err* is limited to the particular matter in hand: "Which cannot *be wrong* or *in error* as to the character of your husband."

[23] *Curious*, here, is *scrupulous* or *particular*. *Strange*, again, for *stranger*.

My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To th' tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Britain. Court before* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN *and two* Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck? when I kiss'd the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away![1] I had a hundred pound on't. And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; — [*Aside.*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the Earth. A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his stomach full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

[1] He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed: he who is nearest to it wins. "To kiss the jack" is a state of great advantage. Cloten's bowl was *hit away* by the *upcast* of another bowler. So Rowley, in *A Woman never Vexed:* "This city *bowler* has *kiss'd* the *mistress* at the first *cast.*" The *jack* was also called *mistress.*

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.[2]

Clo. Sayest thou?

2 Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion[3] that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to Court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't!

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. [*Aside.*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship. —

[*Exeunt* CLOTEN *and First* Lord.

[2] Meaning, probably, "you are a coxcomb." A cock's comb was one of the badges of the professional Fool, and hence the compound came to mean a *simpleton*.

[3] *Companion* was often used in contempt, as *fellow* is now.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor Princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The Heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *The Same.* IMOGEN'S *bedchamber in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace: a trunk in one corner of it.*

IMOGEN *in bed, reading; a* Lady *attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours, then; mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And, if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly. —
[*Exit* Lady.
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO *comes from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. — Cytherea,
How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't![1] 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' enclosèd lights, now canopied
Under these windows[2] — white and azure — laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct.[3] But my design's
To note the chamber. I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the windows; such
Th' adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,

[1] That is, how dearly do her ruby lips *kiss each other*. Iachimo of course does not venture to kiss the lips that are so tempting.

[2] The *windows* of the eyes are the *eyelids*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*: "Thy eyes' *windows* fall, like death when he shuts up the day of life." And in *Venus and Adonis*:

> The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
> Her two *blue windows* faintly she up-heaveth.

[3] This is an exact description of the eyelid of a fair beauty, which is white, laced with veins of blue. Observe, *laced* agrees with *windows*, not with *white and azure*; for the *azure* is the "blue of heaven's own tinct." Perhaps the sense would be clearer thus: "white *with* azure laced, *the* blue," &c. Drayton seems to have had this passage in his mind:

> And these sweet *veins* by nature rightfy placed,
> Wherewith she seems the white *skin* to have *laced*.

Above ten thousand meaner movables,
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory. —
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,[4]
Thus in a chapel lying! — Come off, come off;
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience[5] does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted,[6] like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus:[7] here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it. —
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night,[8] that dawning
May bare the raven's eye![9] I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, Hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*

[4] *Monument* for *statue*, *image*, or any monumental *figure*.

[5] *Conscience* has no reference to Posthumus. As strongly as the conscience of any guilty person witnesses to the fact of his guilt.

[6] Some readers may like to be told that *cinque* means *five*.

[7] *Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1576. The story is related in Ovid, *Metam.* l. vi.; and by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*.

[8] The task of drawing the chariot of Night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. See *Midsummer*, page 80, note 36.

[9] May *make bare* or *open* the raven's eye. The raven, being a very early stirrer, is here referred to as having its eye opened by the dawn.

One, two, three, — Time, time ![10]

[*Goes into the trunk. Scene closes.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. An Ante-chamber adjoining* IMOGEN'S *Apartments in the Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN *and* Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come! I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate. —

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent

[10] The inexpressible purity and delicacy of this scene has been often commended. The description of Imogen would almost engage our respect upon the describer, but that we already know Iachimo to be one of those passionless minds in which gross thoughts are most apt to lodge; and that the unaccustomed awe of virtue, which Imogen struck into him at their first interview, chastises down his tendencies to gross-thoughtedness while in her presence. Thus his delicacy of speech only goes to heighten our impression of Imogen's character, inasmuch as it seems to come, not from him, but from her *through* him; and as something that must be divine indeed, not to be strangled in passing through such a medium.

good-conceited [1] thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it; and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,[2]
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;[3]
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider

[1] *Good-conceited* is the same as *well-conceived* or *well-imagined.*

[2] A similar figure occurs in *Paradise Lost*, v. 197: "Ye birds, that singing up to heaven-gate ascend, bear on your wings and in your notes His praise." And in Shakespeare's 29th *Sonnet*:

> Haply, I think on thee, and then my state,
> Like to the lark at break of day arising
> From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate.

The whole song may have been suggested by a passage in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*:

> Who is't now we hear?
> None but the *lark* so shrill and clear:
> Now at *heaven's gate* she claps her wings,
> The morn not waking till she sings.
> *Hark, hark!* with what a pretty throat
> Poor robin red-breast tunes his note.

[3] The morning dries up the dew which lies in the *cups* of flowers called *calices* or chalices. The marigold is one of those flowers which close themselves up at sunset. So in the 25th Sonnet: "Great princes' favourites *their fair leaves spread*, but *as the marigold at the Sun's eye*." — Such instances of false concord as *lies* were common with the older poets, and were not then breaches of grammar.

your music the better: [4] if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and catgut, nor the voice of eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt* Musicians.

2 Lord. Here comes the King.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly. —

Enter CYMBELINE *and the* Queen.

Good morrow to your Majesty and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assail'd her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.[5]

Clo. Senseless! not so.

[4] Meaning, "I will pay you the more liberally for it."

[5] *Senseless* for *insensible*. Of course Cloten takes it for *without sense*.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.[6] — Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman. — Come, our Queen.

[*Exeunt all but* CLOTEN.

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. — By your leave, ho! — [*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, makes
Diana's rangers false themselves,[7] yield up
Their deer to th' stand o' the stealer:[8] and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;

[6] "We must extend towards himself our notice *of* the goodness he has heretofore shown us." The Poet has many similar ellipses.

[7] The use of to *false* for to *falsify* or to *perjure* was not uncommon. See *Tempest*, page 53, note 27. — "Diana's rangers" are the train of *virgin* huntresses that used to "*range* the forest wild" in attendance upon the goddess. Of course they were deeply sworn to chastity. See *Othello*, page 177, note 2.

[8] A *stand*, as the word seems to be used here, was an artificial place of concealment in a deer-park, where the hunter could lurk, and pick off the animals as they passed by. Such stands, or standings, were commonly made for the special convenience of ladies engaging in the sport. But the keeper of a park might betray his trust, and let a deer-stealer have the advantage of the place. Such appears to be the allusion here.

Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself. —
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There is gold for you;
Sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The Princess!

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.
[*Exit* Lady.
Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.
Clo. Still, I swear I love you.
Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal:[9] and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity, —
T' accuse myself, — I hate you;[10] which I had rather
You felt than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch, —
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the Court, — it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties —
Yet who than he more mean? — to knit their souls —
On whom there is no more dependency

[9] This is commonly explained, "being so *verbose*, so full of talk." It rather seems to me, that Imogen refers to his forcing her thus to the discourtesy of expressing her mind to him, of putting her *thoughts* into *words*.

[10] "I am so near the lack of charity *as to* hate you," is the meaning.

But brats and beggary — in self-figured knot ;[11]
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery,[12] a squire's cloth,
A pantler, — not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow !
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.[13]

Clo. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. — Ho, now, Pisanio !

Enter PISANIO.

[11] In knots of their own tying; that is, marrying to suit themselves; whereas the expectant of a throne must marry to serve the interests of his or her position.

[12] A vile wretch, only fit to wear a livery, which was a badge of servitude. *Hilding* was a common term of reproach. See *Henry V.*, page 127, note 4. — *Cloth* seems to be in apposition with *livery ;* or, as a squire was properly the servant of a knight, it may carry the further meaning of being servant to a servant, and badged accordingly.

[13] "If your dignity were made *proportionable* to your merits, you were honoured enough *in being* styled the under-hangman of his kingdom; and even that place would be so much too good for you as to make you an object of envy and hatred."

Clo. *His garment!* Now, the Devil —
Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently; —
Clo. *His garment!*
Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;[14]
Frighted, and anger'd worse; — go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a révenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
Pis. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit* PISANIO.
Clo. You have abused me:
His meanest garment!
Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady;[15] and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To th' worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Clo. I'll be revenged.
His meanest garment! Well. [*Exit.*

[14] Haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*, is the meaning.

[15] This is said ironically. To be my good lord or good lady was to be my particular friend or patron. See *2 King Henry IV.*, page 147, note 3.

SCENE IV. — *Rome. An Apartment in* PHILARIO'S *House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present Winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these sere hopes,[1]
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly; and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,
Or[2] look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe —
Statist[3] though I am none, nor like to be —
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen

[1] "*Sere* hopes" are *withered* hopes; as they would naturally be in their "Winter's state." See *Macbeth*, page 154, note 8.

[2] *Or* is an ancient equivalent for *ere*, as in the phrase *or ever*; and such is plainly the sense of it here. See *The Tempest*, page 49, note 3.

[3] *Statist* is an old word for *politician*; so used still; as in Wordsworth's *Poet's Epitaph*: "Art thou a *Statist* in the van of public conflicts trained and bred?"

Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
Now mingled with their courage will make known
To their approvers[4] they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Enter IACHIMO.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one o' the fairest that I've look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain Court
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

[4] Those who try them, or *put them to the proof.*

Iach. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain ; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport : I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further : but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make't apparent, my hand
And ring is yours ; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe ; whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bedchamber, —

Where, I confess, I slept not, — it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was[5] —

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another Nature, dumb;[6] outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber

[5] "Iachimo's language," says Johnson, "is such as a skilful villain would naturally use; a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gayety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gayety to be without art."

[6] A *speaking picture* is a common figurative expression. The meaning of the passage is: "The *sculptor* was as *Nature dumb;* he gave every thing that Nature gives but breath and motion." In *breath* is included *speech.*

With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons —
I had forgot them — were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.[7]

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this, — and praise
Be given to your remembrance, — the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, — I thank her, — that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said
She prized it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*

[7] The *andirons* of our ancestors were sometimes costly pieces of furniture; the *standards* were often, as in this instance, of silver, and representing some *terminal* figure or device; the transverse or horizontal pieces, upon which the wood was supported, were what Shakespeare here calls the *brands*, properly *brandirons*. Upon these the Cupids which formed the standards *nicely depended*, seeming to stand on one foot.

It is a basilisk[8] unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage[9] be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one o' her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't. — Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stol'n.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true, — nay, keep the ring, — 'tis true. I'm sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn[10] and honourable. They induced to steal it?
And by a stranger? No! —
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of Hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believed

[8] The basilisk was an imaginary reptile of strange powers, to which the Poet has many allusions. See *King Richard III.*, page 59, note 15.

[9] *Bondage* for *binding force* or *efficacy*. An odd use of the word.

[10] It was anciently the custom for the servants of great families (as it is now for the servants of the King) to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office.

Of one persuaded well of—
Post. Never talk on't.
Iach. If you seek for further satisfying,
Under her breast there lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay; and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetic.
Iach. I'll be sworn —
Post. No swearing.
O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't; i' the Court; before
Her father. I'll do something — [*Exit.*
Phi. Quite beside
The government of patience! You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert[11] the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *The Same. Another Room in* PHILARIO'S *House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm

11 *Avert.* To *pervert* a thing means properly to turn or wrest it utterly away from its appointed end or purpose; the *per* having merely an intensive force.

It is the woman's part: be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all:
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Britain. A Room of State in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter, from one side, CYMBELINE, *the* Queen, CLOTEN, *and* Lords; *from the other,* CAIUS LUCIUS *and* Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?
Luc. When Julius Cæsar — whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever — was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, —
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it, — for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,

Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again. — Remember, sir, my liege,
The Kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbèd and palèd in [1]
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to th' topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of *Came, and saw, and overcame:* with shame —
The first that ever touch'd him — he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping —
Poor ignorant baubles! — on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point —
O giglot [2] Fortune! — to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's-town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our king-

[1] *Ribbed* is *enclosed* or *fenced-in*, as *paled* is *surrounded with palings*.

[2] *Giglot*, adjective, is *false*, or *inconstant*. The word was also used substantively, in a similar sense.

dom is stronger than it was at that time ; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars : other of them may have crooked noses ; but to owe such straight arms, none.[3]

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan : I do not say I am one ; but I have a hand. — Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the Sun from us with a blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light ; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free : Cæsar's ambition, —
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, — against all colour,[4] here
Did put the yoke upon's ; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. We do.

Cym. Say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled ; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd

[3] The pith and shrewdness of this ungeared and loose-screwed genius here go right to the mark, although they go off out of time. Of course, to *owe* means to *own*, as usual.

[4] Against all colour or *appearance* of *right*.

Himself a king.[5]

Luc. I'm sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar —
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers — thine enemy.
Receive it from me, then: War and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance.[6] I am perfect[7]
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms, — a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:

[5] Here Holinshed was the Poet's authority: "Mulmutius, the son of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and, after his father's decease, began to reign over the whole monarchy of Britain, in the year of the world 3529. He made many good laws, which were long after used, called Mulmutius' laws. After he had established his land, he ordained him, by the advice of his lords, a crown of gold, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned. And because he was the first that bore a crown here in Britain, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britain, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors."

[6] A very elliptical passage. The meaning appears to be, "Of him I gather'd honour; which, he being now about to force it away from me, *I am bound* to maintain to the last extremity." *At utterance* is *to the uttermost of defiance*. So in *Helyas Knight of the Swan:* "Here is my gage to sustain it *to the utterance*, and befight it to the death." See *Macbeth*, page 100, note 13.

[7] *Perfect* is repeatedly used by Shakespeare for *well informed* or *assured*. See *The Winter's Tale*, page 96, note 1.

So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, *Welcome.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter PISANIO, *with a letter.*

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
She's punish'd for her truth;[1] and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take-in[2] some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.[3] How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?

[1] *Truth*, here, is *fidelity*, truthfulness to her marriage-vows.

[2] To *take-in* is *to conquer*; often so used.

[3] Thy mind *compared* to hers is now as low as thy condition was compared to hers before marriage.

If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: the letter*
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.[4] O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a fedary[5] for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.[6]

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. — You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, — yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
Some griefs are med'cinable;[7] that is one of them,
For it doth physic love, — of his content
In all but that! — Good wax, thy leave. Bless'd be

[4] I print this as a quotation from the letter, though, as afterwards appears, the words are not found there. Pisanio is but repeating, in his own words, the substance of the letter while holding it in his hand.

[5] A *fedary* is properly a *subordinate agent;* but the word may here signify an *accomplice* or *confederate.* See *The Winter's Tale*, page 65, note 7.

[6] Meaning, apparently, I will *seem* ignorant, will speak *as if I were* ignorant, of what is enjoined upon me.

[7] *Medicinable* for *medicinal;* the passive form with the sense of the active; a common usage in the Poet's time.

You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison,[8] yét
You clasp young Cupid's tables. — Good news, gods!

[Reads.] *Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, but you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings! — Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio, —
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st, —
O, let me 'bate, — but not like me; — yet long'st, —
But in a fainter kind; — O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond; — say, and speak thick,[9] —
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To th' smothering of the sense, — how far it is
To this same blessèd Milford: and, by th' way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
T' inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and for the gap

[8] Referring to the use of wax in sealing and authenticating legal instruments, such as warrants for the apprehension and confinement of criminals, or those who *have forfeited their freedom*. Imogen is playing on the different uses of sealing-wax in locking up the counsel of lovers and the persons of what she calls forfeiters.

[9] To speak *thick* is to speak *fast*. See *Macbeth*, page 59, note 23.

That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
Till our return, t' excuse : [10] but first, how to get hence :
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot? [11]
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak :
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour? [12]

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow : I've heard of riding-wagers, [13]
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf : [14] but this is foolery.
Go bid my woman feign a sickness ; say
She'll home to her father : and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife. [15]

Pis. Madam, you're best [16] consider.

Imo. I see before me, man : nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,

[10] How to excuse for the gap that we shall make in time.

[11] *Before* the act is done for which excuse will be necessary.

[12] Between the same hours of morning and evening; or between six and six, as between sunrise and sunset, in the next speech.

[13] This practice was common in Shakespeare's time. Fynes Moryson, speaking of his brother's *putting out* money to be paid with interest on his return from Jerusalem, defends it as an honest means of gaining the charges of his journey, especially when "no meane lords and lords' sonnes, and gentlemen in our court, *put out* money *upon a horse-race under themselves*, yea, upon a journey afoote."

[14] That is, *instead of* the clock. The reference is to the *sand of an hour-glass*. The meaning is, *swifter* than the flight of time.

[15] A *franklin* is a *yeoman*, or *farmer*.

[16] Shakespeare has many such contractions of *you were;* and such expressions as *you were best* for *it were best you should* are common in his plays; and are not unused even yet, especially in colloquial speech.

That I cannot look through.[17] Away, I pr'ythee!
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. Wales: a mountainous Country with a Cave.*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS; *then* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the Heavens, and bows you
To morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet[1] through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. — Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I've told you

[17] Imogen here speaks with her hand as well as with her tongue. "Neither the right side, nor the left, nor what is behind me, but have a dense fog in them: the path straight before me to Milford is the only one where I can see my way." See, however, Critical Notes.

[1] To *jet* is to *walk proudly*, to *strut*. See *Twelfth Night*, page 75, note 5. In the popular idea, a *giant* was generally confounded with a *Saracen*. The two commonly figured together in the romances.

Of Courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd:[2] to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded[3] beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,[4]

[2] Here, as usual, *allow'd* is *approved* or *estimated*.

[3] *Sharded* is scaly-winged. See *Macbeth*, page 107, note 13. — The epithet *full-winged*, applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast of the Poet's imagery; for, whilst the bird can soar beyond the reach of human eye, the insect can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day.

[4] In illustration of this, Lettsom quotes from Greene's *James IV.*: "But he, injurious man, who lives by crafts, hath taken bribes of me, yet covertly will sell away the thing pertains to me"; and then adds, "This shows how a man may do nothing, or worse than nothing, for a bribe; a feat that seems incomprehensible to the primitive simplicity of the nineteenth century." Lord Bacon, when charged with taking gifts from parties in chancery suits, admitted that he had done so, but alleged that he had decided *against* the givers. Perhaps they thought him open to the charge of "doing nothing for a bribe." But the best comment on the text is in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, where Spenser describes the condition of one "whom wicked fate hath brought to Court":

Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To lose good days, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her Peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keep his book uncross'd:[5] no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.[6]

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We're beastly; subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,[7]

[5] Such men gain the bow of civility from their tailor, but remain still in debt to him, leave their account unsettled. To *cross the book* is still a common phrase for wiping out an entry of debt. — "No life to ours" is no life *compared* to ours.

[6] To *stride a limit* is to overpass his bound.

[7] *Usuries*, here, seems to mean simply *usages* or *customs*. The Poet has it so again in *Measure for Measure*, iii. 2: "'Twas never merry world since, of two *usuries*, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm." In this latter case, however, the word is used in a double sense, for *usuries* and *usages* at the same time.

And felt them knowingly! the art o' the Court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve [8] by doing well; what's worse,
Must curtsy at the censure. O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;
And, when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off. Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, — as I've told you oft, —
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have lived at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to Heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to th' mountains!

[8] The context requires, apparently, the sense of *receive*. But perhaps *deserve* is meant in the sense of *seeming* to deserve ill, or of *being treated as if* deserving ill. See page 105, note 6.

This is not hunters' language: he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys. —
[*Exeunt* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to th' King;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they're mine; and, though train'd up thus meanly,
I' the cave wherein they bow their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The King his father call'd Guiderius, — Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, *Thus mine enemy fell,*
And thus I set my foot on's neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is roused! —
O Cymbeline! Heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,

And every day do honour to her grave :[9]
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. —The game is up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *The Same. Near Milford-Haven.*

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand : ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I do now.[1] Pisanio ! man !
Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? One but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication : put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If't be summer news,
Smile to't before ; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. — My husband's hand !
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point. —Speak, man : thy tongue
May take off some extremity,[2] which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read ;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing

[9] Strict grammatical order requires "to *thy* grave"; but Shakespeare has many like instances of abrupt change of person. See page 53, note 10.

[1] Meaning, evidently, as I now *long to see Posthumus.*

[2] "Thy speech may take off some of the *extreme sharpness* or *bitterness* of the news contained in the letter.

The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the wanton to my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms[3] of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,[4]
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. — What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness. — Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,

[3] *Worm* was the general name for all the *serpent* kind. In *Antony and Cleopatra* the *aspic* is repeatedly spoken of as a *worm*.

[4] *States* here means persons of the highest rank.

Thy favour's good enough. — Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,[5] hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I must be ripp'd.[6] To pieces with me! — O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True-honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven[7] on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured

[5] That is, who was *born of her paint-box;* who had no beauty, no attraction, no *womanhood* in her face but what was daubed on; insomuch that she might be aptly styled the creature of her painting, one who had daubery for her mother. So, in *King Lear*, ii. 2, Kent says to Oswald, "You cowardly rascal, Nature disclaims in thee: *a tailor made thee.*" And when Cornwall says to him, "Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?" he replies, "Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or *a painter*, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade." — The meaning of *jay* here is perhaps best explained by the fact that, in Italian, *putta* signifies both the bird so called and a *loose woman.*

[6] Too rich to be hung up as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. Clothes were not formerly, as at present, kept in drawers, or given away as soon as time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the purpose; and, though such as were composed of *rich* substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses, articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls* till age and moths had destroyed them.

[7] The *leaven* is, in Scripture phraseology, "the whole wickedness of our sinful nature." See *1 Corinthians*, v. 6, 7, 8. "Thy failure, Posthumus, will lay *falsehood* to the charge of men without guile; make all suspected."

From thy great fail. — Come, fellow, be thou honest;
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: 'gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart:
Something's afore't: soft, soft! we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.[8] — What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus
All turn'd to heresy?[9] Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

[8] Imogen is wearing her husband's letters in her bosom, as a sort of armour over her heart: so her meaning here is, "Stay, stay a moment! let me remove every thing in the nature of defence." She then takes out the letters, and they suggest to her the reflections that follow.

[9] Referring to her husband's *letters*, but at the same time intending an antithesis between *Scriptural doctrine* and *heresy*.

And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the King my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows,[10] shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness. — Pr'ythee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore, then,
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court
For my being absent,[11] whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,[12]
Th' elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

[10] *Fellows* for *equals;* those of the same rank with herself.

[11] "The Court perturb'd by my being absent," is the proper construction. Shakespeare has many such inversions.

[12] Hunters' language. To be *unbent* is to *have the bow unprepared* for shooting. — The meaning of *stand*, here, is the same as explained before. See page 88, note 8, and the reference there.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I've heard I am a wanton, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent[13] to bottom that. But speak.
Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not so, neither:
But, if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abused:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursèd injury.
Imo. Some Roman courtezan.
Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pis. If you'll back to th' Court, —
Imo. No Court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing, Cloten;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

[13] The language of surgery. To *tent* is to *probe*.

Imo. What then?
Hath Britain all the Sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume,
Our Britain seems as in it, but not of 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I'm most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is,[14] and but disguise
That which, t' appear itself, must yet not be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; [15] yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!

[14] "To wear a *dark mind*," says Johnson, "is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is *secrecy*; applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*." Pisanio's meaning probably is, to have Imogen carry out the disguise of her person by assuming a strange *mental* as well as *personal* attire. — *Appear*, in the next clause, is probably used as a transitive verb, and in the sense of to *show*, to *evince*, or to *make apparent*. The Poet has it repeatedly so. See *Much Ado*, page 36, note 2.

[15] *Pretty* must here be taken in the sense of apt or suitable to the purpose; as when Lady Capulet says of Juliet, "My daughter's of a *pretty* age"; meaning an age *suitable* for marriage. — *Should* is an instance of the indiscriminate use, which I have often noted, of *could*, *should*, and *would*. Here *would* is required by our present idiom. — So that the meaning of the whole appears to be, "The course proposed would be apt for your purpose, and you would have a full view of what is going on, without being yourself known."

Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness —
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self — into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; [16] nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it — but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy! — to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; [17] and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.[18]

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit [19] —

[16] Weasels, it appears, were formerly kept in houses, instead of cats, for the purpose of destroying vermin. Shakespeare was doubtless well acquainted with their disposition.

[17] So in Sidney's *Arcadia:* "And beautiful might have been, if they had not suffered greedy Phœbus over often and hard to kisse them." — In "O, the harder heart!" Pisanio apprehends that Imogen, in the part she is going to act, will feel the need of a man's harder, or *tougher*, heart.

[18] It seems as if the Poet meant to gather up the whole train of womanly graces and accomplishments in this peerless heroine: so he here represents her as a perfect mistress in the art of dressing, — so much so as to provoke the jealousy of Juno herself. And he appears to have deemed it not the least of a lady's duties to make herself just as beautiful and attractive as she could by beauty and tastefulness of dress; this being one of her ways of delighting those about her.

[19] *Fit* for *fitted*. The Poet several times has the preterit of that verb so

'Tis in my cloak-bag — doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy, — which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music, — doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy.[20] Your means abroad,
You have me,[21] rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: [22] this attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen:
What's in't is precious; if you're sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this

formed. Thus in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, 1: "That part was aptly *fit*, and naturally perform'd." And in v. 5, of this play: "When she had *fit* you with her craft." Also in Jonson's *Staple of News*, i. 2: "What, are those desks *fit* yet?"

20 The Poet repeatedly uses *holy* in the sense of *upright* or *just*. See *The Tempest*, page 135, note 11.

21 As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.

22 To *even* is to *equal*, to *make even*, or to *adjust*: Johnson explains it here, "we'll make our work even with our time, we'll do what time will allow."

Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood: may the gods
Direct you to the best!
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *The Same. A Room in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, *the* Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and* Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so, farewell.
Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My Emperor hath wrote: I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct[1] overland to Milford-Haven.
All joy befall your Grace! — and, madam, you!
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit. —
So, farewell, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, th' event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,

[1] *Conduct* for *conductor*, *guide*, or *escort*. Often so.

Till he have cross'd the Severn. — Happiness!

[*Exeunt* Lucius *and* Lords.

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks us like [2]
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We've noted it. — Call her before us; for
We've been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an* Attendant.

Queen. Royal sir,
Since th' exile of Posthúmus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

[2] "*Looks us* like" appears to be an equivalent for *seems to us* like. To *look* is often used thus by the old writers, with an ellipsis of the word which present usage requires after it. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, page 126, note 7

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loudest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great Court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, Heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, — son, I say, follow the King.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. —
[*Exit* CLOTEN

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus! —
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But, for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthúmus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown. —

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the King: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [*Aside.*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day![3] [*Exit.*

Clo. I love and hate her; for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman:[4] from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all; I love her therefore: but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is choked; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For, when fools
Shall —

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou'rt straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord! —

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter, —
I will not ask again. Close[5] villain, I
Will have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?

[3] May his grief this night *prevent* him from ever seeing another day.

[4] Than any *lady*, than all *ladies*, than all *womankind*. There is a similar passage in *All's Well*, ii. 3: "To any count; to all counts; to what is man."

[5] *Close*, here, is *sly*, *reticent*, *secretive*. Often so.

From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;[6]
No further halting: satisfy me home[7]
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!—

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word; no more of *worthy lord:*
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*

Clo. Let's see't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside.*] Or this, or perish.[8]
She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!

Pis. [*Aside.*] I'll write to my lord she's dead.—O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

[6] He means, "Come nearer *to the point.*" Speak more to the purpose.

[7] "Satisfy me *thoroughly*," or *to the utmost.* *Home* was often used so.

[8] Meaning, probably, "I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten or perish by his fury."

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, — that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, — I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? — for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine, — wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven! — I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon: — even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. — I would these garments were come. She said upon a time — the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart — that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, to the Court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. —

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous and true, preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to thy loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. — Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. — *The Same. Wales: before the Cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. — Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations [1] fly the wretched; such, I mean,

[1] *Foundations* were religious houses devoted to charity and hospitality; institutions *founded* for the relief of suffering and the entertainment of

Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorer [2] than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. — My dear lord!
Thou'rt one o' the false ones: now I think on thee
My hunger's gone; but even, before, I was
At point to sink for food. — But what is this?
Here is a path to't; 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. — Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil,[3] speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword: an if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good Heavens! [*Goes into the cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman,[4] and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I

strangers. In the olden time, before the trade of tavern-keeping was known, the providing of such houses was esteemed a high work of Christian piety.

[2] *Sorer* is *worse*, more criminal.

[3] *Civil*, here, is *civilized*, as opposed to *savage*. So, in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3, we have "*civil* laws are cruel"; where "*civil* laws" means the laws of *civilized* life. — In the next clause the meaning seems to be, "either let me have food, and *take* pay for it, or else *lend* it to me, and look for a future return." So she says, afterwards, "I thought to have *begg'd* or *bought* what I have took."

[4] *Woodman* was a term in common use for a *hunter*.

Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:[5]
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs[6]
Will make what's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty[7] sloth
Finds the down-pillow hard. — Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I'm throughly[8] weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,
Whilst[9] what we've kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in.
[*Looking into the cave.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
T' have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,

[5] *Match* is the *bargain* or *compact* announced in a previous scene.

[6] *Stomach* was very often used for *appetite;* and we all know that hunger is the best sauce.

[7] *Resty* signifies here *dull, heavy,* as it is explained in Bullokar's *Expositor,* 1616. So Milton uses it in his *Eiconoclastes,* sec. 24: "The master is too *resty,* or too rich, to say his own prayers, or to bless his own table."

[8] *Throughly* and *thoroughly* were used each for the other; being, in fact, but different forms of the same word. See *Henry VIII.,* page 154, note 13.

[9] *Whilst* for *till.* Repeatedly so. See *Macbeth,* page 99, note 5.

I've stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor.[10] Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted so,[11]
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
And 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I'm fall'n in[12] this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it. —
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom: in honesty,
I bid for you as I do buy.[13]

[10] This use of *in* where we should use *on* was common. So in the Lord's Prayer: "Thy will be done *in* Earth as it is in Heaven."

[11] *Parted* for *departed;* a frequent usage. See *King Lear*, p. 70, n. 5.

[12] The indiscriminate use of *in* and *into* has been repeatedly noted.

[13] Something obscure, perhaps; but the meaning seems to be, "I am

Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother; —
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. — [*Aside.*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize [14]
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthúmus.
Bel. He wrings [15] at some distress.
Gui. Would I could free't!
Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*
Imo. [*Aside.*] Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, — laying by
That nothing-gift of differing [16] multitudes, —

speaking sincerely and in good faith, and not by way of compliment or pastime; my heart is in my words; and, as when making an honest purchase, I mean as I say, and will pay what I offer." This explanation is, in substance, Mr. Joseph Crosby's.

[14] Here, again, I give Mr. Crosby's explanation: "The metaphor is from a prize taken at sea: 'The prize thou hast mastered in me would have been less, and not have sunk thee, as I have done, by overloading.'"

[15] To *wring* and to *writhe* have the same radical meaning.

[16] Several explanations have been given of *different* in this place, such as *wavering* and *many-headed*. Imogen is contrasting the nobility of conscious virtue with the state of those who feed on the "bubble reputation" blown up by multitudes differing in mind and purpose, and therefore *fickle*, or, as we say, *unreliable*. And so Heath explains it: "The *nothing-gift* which the

Could not out-peer these twain. — Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonate is false.

Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. — Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. — *Rome. A public Place.*

Enter two Senators *and* Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the Emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul; and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends [17]
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

1 Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

multitude are supposed to bestow is glory, reputation, which is a present of little value from their hands, as they are neither unanimous in giving it nor constant in continuing it."

17 *Commends* in the sense of *commits*. See *Winter's Tale*, page 82, note 16.

2 Sen. Ay.
1 Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1 Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.
1 Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Britain. Wales: the Forest near the Cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by Him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather — saving reverence of the word — for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, — for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean, — the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: [1] yet this imperceiv-

[1] In single *combat*. An *opposite*, in Shakespeare's age, was the common phrase for an *antagonist*. See *Twelfth Night*, page 104, note 17.

erant[2] thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! — Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before her face: and, all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may happily be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. Before the Cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Bel. [*To* IMOGEN.] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. [*To* IMOGEN.] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not, — yet I am not well;

[2] *Imperceiverant* is *undiscerning* or *unperceiving*. The word, though now obsolete, was often used in the Poet's time. Dyce quotes the following apposite passage from *The Widow*, a play written by Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton: "Methinks the words themselves should make him do't, had he but the *perseverance* of a Cock sparrow."

But not so citizen a wanton[3] as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all.[4] I'm ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
As much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how! how!

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. [*Aside.*] O noble strain![5]
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,

[3] "So citizen a wanton" means, apparently, so delicate or effeminate a resident of the city. *Citizen* was sometimes used as an adjective, meaning *town-bred;* but I suspect this is an instance of transposition, and that *wanton* is to be taken as the adjective, — "so wanton a citizen," or "a citizen so wanton." The Poet has many like transpositions.

[4] Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion. The Poet elsewhere has *journal* in the literal sense of *daily*.

[5] *Strain*, here, is *stock*, *race*, or *lineage*. See *Henry V.*, page 78, note 7.

Doth miracle itself, loved before me. —
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. — [*To* BELA.] So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage but at Court:
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!
Th' imperious[6] seas breed monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick: — Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle,[7] but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field! —
We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I'm bound to you, and shall be ever.

[*Exit* IMOGEN *into the cave.*

[6] *Imperious* for *imperial*, the two being used indiscriminately. Imogen is metaphorically comparing the big-bugs, who haunt the imperial seat, with the humble dwellers in the wood.

[7] *Gentle* here means of *gentle stock* or *birth*. "I could not *stir* him" means "I could not *induce* him *to tell his story*"; or to give an account of himself.

Bel. This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears[8] he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters; and sauced our broths,
As Juno had been sick, and he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes a smiling with a sigh, as if
The sigh was that it was for not being such
A smile; the smile mocking the sigh, that it
Would fly from so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs[9] together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine![10]

Bel. It is great morning.[11] Come, away! Who's there?

[8] Here, again, *appears* is a transitive verb, meaning *shows*, *evinces*, or *makes apparent*. See page 119, note 14.

[9] *Spurs* are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. We have the word again in *The Tempest:* "The strong-based promontory have I made shake, and by the *spurs* pluck'd up the pine and cedar."

[10] We have here an expression of precisely the same sort as one now, against propriety, growing into use; namely, "differing *with* another," instead of "differing *from* another." In our time, the proper language would be, "Let the elder *twine* his root *with* the vine"; or, "Let the elder *untwine* his root *from* the vine"; just as it is proper to say "I *agree with* you"; or, "I *differ from* you."—To *perish* was sometimes used as a transitive verb. So, here, *perishing* means *destructive*. "The stinking elder" is the same as the poison elder; and I used to hear it called, and to call it, by either name indifferently.

[11] *Great morning* is, apparently, *broad day;* like the French, *Il est grand matin*. The same phrase occurs again in *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 3.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
Bel. *Those runagates!*
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the Queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We're held as outlaws: hence!
Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies[12] are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.
Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I've heard of such. — What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.[13]

12 *Companies* for *companions*. Repeatedly so. See *Henry V.*, p. 42, n. 8.
13 This is very like "whose *mother was her painting*." See page 115, note 5.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to th' Queen.
Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise;
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Re-enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,

And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the act of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.[14] But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet, I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I'm perfect[15] what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in,[16]
Displace our heads where — thank the gods! — they grow,
And set them on Lud's-town.

Bel. We're all undone.

[14] *Act*, again, for *action* or *operation*. See page 67, note 2. Also, *Hamlet*, page 65, note 42. The meaning of the passage clearly is, that Cloten, before he grew to manhood, was too thick-skulled to be sensible of the *loudest*, that is, the most evident, or most threatening, dangers. But a foolhardy boldness, springing from sheer dulness or paralysis of judgment, is no uncommon thing. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, page 139, note 27.

[15] "I know perfectly what I have done." Belarius uses *absolute* just so a little before. See page 103, note 7.

[16] *Take-in*, again, for *conquer* or *subdue*. See page 104, note 2.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone: although, perhaps,
It may be heard at Court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing —
As it is like him — might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail,
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.[17]

Gui. With his own sword,

[17] Made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious.*

Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the Queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!— Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed. I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet,[18] would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,[19]
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,

[18] Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within the possibility of resistance.

[19] To restore the colour into his cheeks, I would let out the blood of *a whole parish* of such fellows as Cloten. A *parish* was a common phrase for a *great number*.

Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,[20]
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Bel. Look, here he comes,

[20] *Toys* is *trifles*, things of no regard. See *Hamlet*, page 178, note 5.

And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN, *as dead, in his arms.*

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
T' have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not th' one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom, find
Thy ooze? or show what coast thy sluggish crare[21]
Might easiliest harbour in? — Thou blessèd thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but ah,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy! —
How found you him?

Arv. Stark,[22] as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

[21] A *crare*, variously spelt *craer*, *crayer*, *craye*, is a small ship. So in Hackluyt's *Voyages*: "Your barke or *craer* made here for the river of Volga and the Caspian sea is very litle, of the burthen of 30 tonnes at the most." And in North's Plutarch: "Timoleon gave them all the aid he could; sending them corn from Catana in the fisher boats and small *crayers*, which got into the castle many times."

[22] *Stark* is kindred in sense with *stiff* and *cold*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 1: "Each part, deprived of supple government, shall, *stiff* and *stark* and *cold*, appear like death."

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept; and put
My clouted brogues[23] from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.
Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.[24]
Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst Summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azure harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, who, not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill, — O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument! — bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,

[23] "*Clouted* brogues" are coarse wooden shoes, strengthened with *clout* or *hob*-nails. In some parts of England thin plates of iron, called *clouts*, are fixed to the shoes of rustics.

[24] Still another instance of abrupt change of person. See page 113, note 9. — The Poet here alludes to the office of the fairies in keeping off worms, insects, and such-like vermin; it being held that where they haunted no such noxious creatures could be found. That duty is specially assigned them in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. 2. — Webster's *Vittoria Corombona* has a very noble strain of poetry which may have been suggested by that in the text: at all events, it is well worth repeating here:

> O thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin
> To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded comet
> Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
> Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
> Scents not thy carrion: pity winds thy corse,
> While horror waits on princes.

To winter-guard thy corse.[25]

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To th' grave!

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;

[25] The old poets are fond of alluding to the tender reverences here ascribed to the *red-breast*. Webster has the following lines, being part of the dirge sung by Cornelia for young Marcello, in the play quoted in the preceding note:

Call for the robin red-breast and the wren,
Since o'er shady grove they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

Drayton, also, has it, evidently in imitation of Shakespeare:

Covering with *moss* the dead's unclosèd eye,
The red-breast teacheth *charity*.

But perhaps the most touching use of it is in the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood*, which is too well known to need quoting here.

And, though he came our enemy, remember
He's paid for that: [26] though mean and mighty rotting
Together have one dust, yet reverence —
That angel of the world — doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. — Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' East;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arv. So. Begin.

SONG.

*Gui. *Fear no more the heat o' the Sun,*
Nor the furious Winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,*
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;

[26] That is, he is *punished* for that, or *has suffered* for it.

**To thee the reed is as the oak :*
**The sceptre, learning, physic, must*
**All follow this, and come to dust.*

*Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*
*Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone ;*[27]
*Gui. *Fear not slander, censure rash ;*
*Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :*
*Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must,*
**Consign*[28] *to thee, and come to dust.*

*Gui. *No exorciser*[29] *harm thee !*
*Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee !*
*Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee !*
*Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee !*
*Both. *Quiet consummation*[30] *have ;*
**And renownèd be thy grave !*

Re-enter BELARIUS *with the body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We've done our obsequies : come, lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flowers ; but 'bout midnight, more :
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. — Upon Earth's face
You were as flowers ; now wither'd : even so

[27] *Thunder-stone* was the common word for *thunder-bolt.*

[28] To "consign to thee" is to "seal the same contract *with* thee"; that is, add their names to thine upon the register of death.

[29] *Exorciser* anciently signified a person who could raise spirits, not one who lays them. See *Julius Cæsar*, page 90, note 59.

[30] Probably the best comment on this is furnished by the closing prayer in the Church Burial-Service : "That we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of Thy holy Name, may have our perfect *consummation* and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory." — The previous arrangement was, that "*Euriphile* should be *Fidele*," yet neither name occurs in the dirge. A discrepancy for which it is not easy to account.

These herblets shall, which we upon you strow. —
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?
I thank you. By yond bush? Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins![31] can it be six mile yet?
I've gone all night: faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow. — O gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body of* CLOTEN.

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes:[32] our very eyes
Are sometimes, like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in Heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still, even when I wake; it is

[31] This diminutive adjuration is derived from *God's pity*, by the addition of *kin*. So we have also *God's bodikin*. See *Hamlet*, page 120, note 86.

[32] A dream-arrow, shot at a dream-object, and all the effect of a heated brain. The use of *bolt* for a certain kind of arrow was very common. — Mr. Joseph Crosby furnishes me an apt comment on this passage: "Imogen, waking from her long trance, in the confusion of her mind cannot at once distinguish dreams from realities. She sees the flowers and the dead body by her, and most naturally utters 'I hope I dream,' yet it seems terribly real; then, recollecting what she was doing before she fell into this sleep, she says, 'For *so* I thought I was a cave-keeper,' that is, with the same appearance of reality; 'but 'tis not so,' 'tis not *real*;' the whole is surely a dream."

Without me, as within me ; not imagined, felt.
A headless man ! The garments of Posthúmus !
I know the shape of's leg : this is his hand ;
His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;
The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial face [33] —
Murder in Heaven ? — How ! 'Tis gone. — Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,
Conspired with that irregulous [34] devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous ! Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forgèd letters, — damn'd Pisanio —
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top ! — O Posthumus ! alas,
Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ah me ! where's that ?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left thy head on. — How should this be ? Pisanio ?
'Tis he and Cloten : malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, [35] pregnant !
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to th' senses ? That confirms it home ;
This is Pisanio's deed and Cloten's : O ! —
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those

[33] "*Jovial* face" is a face like Jove. The epithet is frequently so used in the old dramatic writers. So in Heywood's *Silver Age* : "Alcides here will stand to plague you all with his high *Jovial* hand."

[34] *Irregulous* must mean *lawless, licentious, out of rule.* The word has not hitherto been met with elsewhere ; but in Reinold's *God's Revenge against Adultery,* we have "*irregulated* lust."

[35] *Pregnant,* as explained by Nares, is "full of force or conviction, or full of proof in itself" ; that is, *plain, evident.*

Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!
[*Throws herself on the body.*

Enter Lucius, *a* Captain *and other* Officers, *and a* Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending[36]
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships,
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the cónfiners[37]
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. — Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision, —
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence,[38] — thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From th' spongy South[39] to this part of the West,

[36] Here, as often, *attend* is *wait for* or *await*. See *Othello*, p. 126, note 32.

[37] *Confiners* are *borderers;* those dwelling on or near the confines.

[38] It was no common dream, but sent from the *very gods*, or the gods themselves. *Fast* for *fasted*, as we have in another place of this play *lift* for *lifted*. In *King John* we have *heat* for *heated*, *waft* for *wafted*.

[39] To us Americans it is not very clear why *spongy* should be thus used as an epithet of *south*. I suppose it is because, in England, winds from the South are apt to be charged with moisture, and to bring fogs or rains, as if they had *sponged* up a good deal of water. So, in *The Tempest*, iv. 1, we have "*spongy* April." "*Foggy* south," and "*dew-dropping* south" also occur.

There vanish'd in the sunbeams; which portends —
Unless my sins abuse my divination —
Success to th' Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false! — Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll, then, instruct us of this body. — Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?[40] What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or, if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for service,
Try many, and all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than

[40] Who has altered this picture, so as to make it other than Nature *did* it?

Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. — [*Aside.*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it. — Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman Emperor's letters,
Sent by a Consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee:[41] go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes[42] can dig: and, when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I've strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century[43] of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee. — My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him.[44] — Boy, he is preferr'd

[41] *Prefer* was formerly used precisely as we use *recommend*.

[42] "These poor *pickaxes*" are her *hands*.

[43] A *century* is, properly, a *hundred*; here used for an indefinite number.

[44] That is, "take him up in your arms." So in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*: "*Arm* your prize; I know you will not lose her." The prize is Emilia.

By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Room in* CYMBELINE'S *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, *and* Attendants.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her. —
A fever with the absence of her son; [*Exit an* Attendant.
Madness, of which her life's in danger. — Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my Queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. — But for thee, thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your Highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall[1] perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And he'll, no doubt, be found.

[1] *Shall* for *will*, as we have before had *will* for *shall*.

Cym. The time is troublesome. —
[*To* PISANIO.] We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.[2]

1 Lord. So please your Majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and Queen!
I am amazed with matter.[3]

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront[4] no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here. Away!

[*Exeunt all but* PISANIO.

Pis. I've had no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The Heavens still must work.
Wherein I'm false I'm honest; not true, to be true:

[2] Meaning, "My suspicion is still *undetermined*." In the same manner, we now say, "the *cause is depending*."

[3] *Amazed* in its literal sense of *perplexed* or *bewildered; in a maze*. Often so. — *Matter* is, here, variety of business.

[4] To *affront*, as the word is here used, is to *meet*, *encounter*, or *face*. See *Hamlet*, page 126, note 5.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the King,[5] or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *The Same. Wales: before the Cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock[1] it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way,[2] the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts[3]
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the King's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death — we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands — may drive us to a render[4]
Where we have lived; and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death

[5] Meaning, "So that even the King shall take *notice* of my valour."

[1] *To lock*, for *in locking*, or *by locking*. See page 69, note 6.

[2] We acting, or if we act, in this way.

[3] *Revolts* for *revolters*, that is, *rebels*. So in *King John*, v. 2: "And you degenerate, you ingrate *revolts*." The Poet has many like forms of language. — "During their *use*" may mean, "as long as they have any use for us"; or, perhaps, during their present armed occupancy.

[4] A *render*, as the word is here used, is an *account*, or *confession*.

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt [5]
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires,[6] have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,[7]
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the King
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; [8] aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot Summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of Winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to th' army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,[9]
Cannot be question'd.

[5] *Doubt* for *fear;* as we have before had the verb. See page 74, note 14.

[6] The *fires* in the several quarters of the Roman army; their watch-fires.

[7] In taking *notice* of us. *Note* the same as in the preceding scene.

[8] The *certain consequence* of this hard life.

[9] Overgrown with *hair* and *beard*. Posthumus afterwards alludes to Belarius as one who "deserved so long a breeding as his *white beard* came to." — *Thereto* is *in addition* thereto. So in *The Winter's Tale*, i. 2: "As you are certainly a gentleman; *thereto* clerk-like, experienced."

Arv. By this Sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die! [10] scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By Heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but, if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I, — Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead. — [*Aside.*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,[11]
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

[10] Shakespeare has many exclamative phrases and sentences without the article, where modern usage requires it. So, here, we should say, "what *a* thing it is," &c. See *Julius Cæsar*, page 65, note 14.

To *think scorn* is old language, meaning simply to *scorn*.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Britain. The Roman Camp.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. — You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying[1] but a little ! — O Pisanio !
Every good servant does not all commands :
No bond[2] but to do just ones. — Gods ! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on[3] this : so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent ; and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,
To have them fall no more : you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,[4]
And make them dreaded to the doers' thrift.[5]

[1] This word was quite common in the Poet's time. So in Sidney's *Arcadia :* "That from the right line of virtue are *wryed* to these crooked shifts."

[2] *Bond*, or *band*, was used in the general sense of *obligation*.

[3] To *put on* is to *incite, instigate*. See *Othello*, page 108, note 30.

[4] Here *elder* has the exact sense of *later, elder deed* being put for the deed of an elder man. So the Poet has "*elder* days" repeatedly for the days of an elder man, that is, *later* days. See *Richard II.*, page 90, note 3.

[5] *Them* refers to *ills*, the evil deeds in question. And so the speaker's thought seems to be, that some bold knaves are permitted to go on from bad to worse, the crimes causing the doer of them to be *feared*, and so working for his security and profit. In other words, boldness in wrong

But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me bless'd t' obey! — I am brought hither
Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. — Therefore, good Heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, — less without and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, IMOGEN, *and the Roman* Army; *from the other side, the British* Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom

sometimes brings impunity by scaring earthly Justice from her propriety. The text is thus an apt variation upon the well-known passage in *Hamlet:* "And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself buys out the law."

Takes off my manhood: I've belied a lady,
The Princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,[1]
A very drudge of Nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds [2]
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons *fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken: then enter, to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui. } Stand, stand, and fight!
Arv. }

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the* Britons: *they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and all exeunt. Then re-enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Carl* or *churl* is a clown or countryman, and is used by our old writers in opposition to a gentleman.

[2] *Odds*, here, has about the force of *chance* or *likelihood;* as, in weighing, the odds turns the scales. See *The Winter's Tale*, page 156, note 14.

SCENE III. — *The Same. Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a British* Lord.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought: the King himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that[1] the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.
Lord. Where was this lane?
Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country. Athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, — lads more like to run
The country base[2] than to commit such slaughter;

[1] Here, as often, *that* is equivalent to *so that*, or *insomuch that*.

[2] *Base* was the common name of a rustic game, in which the swiftest runner was the winner. So *bid the base* was to run fast, and dare another to pursue; something like what, in my boyhood, was called *playing tag*. — Here the Poet took an incident of Scottish history, as given in Holinshed: "There was, near the place of the battle, a long lane, fenced on both sides

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased or shame, —
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand!
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may 'scape,
But to look back[3] *in frown: stand, stand!* These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many, —
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing, — with this word, *Stand, stand!*
Accommodated by the place, more charming[4]
With their own nobleness, — which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance, — gilded pale looks:[5]
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example, — O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners! — 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon
A rout, confusion-thick: forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,

with ditches and walls made of turf, through the which the Scots that fled were beaten down by the enemies on heaps. Here Hay, with his sons, supposing they might best stay the flight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them back whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor foe, but down they went all such as came within their reach; wherewith divers hardy personages cried unto their fellows to return back unto the battle."

[3] "But *to look* back" for "but *by looking* back." See page 157, note 1.

[4] Acting like magic upon *others*, charming others into bravery by their own act. To *charm* was used for to *enchant*. See page 59, note 4.

[5] Brought back the blood into cheeks that were blanched through fear.

The strides they victors made : [6] and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages,[7] became
The life o' the need : having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound !
Some slain before ; some dying ; some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave : ten, chased by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
Those that would die or e'er resist are grown
The mortal bugs [8] o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance,
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys !

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it : you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one :
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend ;
For, if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You've put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell ; you're angry. [*Exit* Lord.

Post. Still going?[9] —
This is a lord ! O noble misery !

[6] They fly like slaves, crest-fallen, unmanned, over the same ground where they had advanced proudly, striding onwards as victors.

[7] Like fragments of food saved up at sea, and at last, from the length of the voyage, found necessary to keep the crew from starving.

[8] *Mortal*, again, in the sense of *deadly* or *fatal*. See page 61, note 8. — *Bugs* is *bugbears*, *terrors*. See *The Winter's Tale*, page 89, note 9.

[9] Meaning, "you run away from me, as you did from the enemy."

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
T' have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,[10]
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,[11]
No more a Briton, I've resumed again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by th' Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take: for me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains *and* Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

[10] *Charms* were supposed to render men invulnerable in battle. So in Chapman's Homer, *Iliad*, Book iv.: "Turne head, ye well-rode peeres of Troy, feed not the Grecians pride; they are not *charm'd* against your points of steele." And Macbeth, when he comes to the last mortal encounter with Macduff, says to him, referring to the weird incantations, "Let fall thy blade on *vulnerable* crests; I bear a *charmed* life."

[11] The meaning probably is, "whereas I was but now a favourer to the Briton, I am such no longer; I have resumed the part of a Roman soldier, and that will assure me of a speedy death." Here, as often, *for* is *instead of*, probably.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,[12]
That gave th' affront with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. — Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him: a dog,
A lag of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to th' King.

Enter CYMBELINE, *attended;* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, *and Roman* Captives. *The* Captains *present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a* Jailer: *after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV. — *The Same. A Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and two* Jailers.

1 Jail. You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.[1]

2 Jail. Ay, or stomach.

[*Exeunt* Jailers.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By th' sure physician, death; who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd

[12] That is, a *simple* or *rustic dress:* the proper meaning of *silly.*

[1] The Jailer refers to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned out to pasture; especially if the horse is wild or hard to catch.

More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument [2] to pick that bolt,
Then free for ever! Is't enough I'm sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constrain'd: [3] to satisfy, —
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, — take
No stricter render of me than my all.[4]
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,

[2] "The *penitent* instrument" is the instrument of *penitence;* that which gives freedom from the bondage of a guilty conscience.

[3] In gyves, or *fetters*, that are more desired *by me* than *forced* or *strained upon me*. The peculiar use of *constrain'd* makes the passage somewhat obscure. — In what follows, though the sense is perfect, the density of thought is such as to render the expression almost enigmatical. Posthumus is regarding his soul as fettered by crime, and repentance as the means of setting it free. And so strong, so deep, so binding is his sense of guilt, that he longs to make all the atonement possible, and to procure absolution at the cost of life itself. His supreme desire is to die; he cannot bear the thought of any lighter sacrifice. His life for Imogen's seems to him but a poor retribution at the best; nor would he have the gods take up with less; and so his prayer is, that, if this will but discharge the main part of his debt, if this will answer or satisfy the chief condition of his acquittal, they will take it, and set his conscience free.

[4] Mr. Joseph Crosby understands *stricter* here as meaning *more restricted* or *smaller;* and to this sense he aptly quotes from Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity:* "As they took the compass of their commission *stricter* or larger, so their dealings were more or less moderate." This use of the word, though it may appear rather strange to us, was not very uncommon; and so Richardson, among his definitions of *strict*, has "confined, contracted, narrowed." Wordsworth, also, in his great poem *On the Power of Sound*, calls the ear a "*strict* passage, through which sighs are brought." Here *strict* evidently means *narrow* or *strait*. So that the sense of the text is, "Take *no less surrender* of me than my all." The logic of the speech comes out more harmonious and clear, by taking *stricter* thus.

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:[5]
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will make this audit, take my life,
And cancel these cold bonds.[6] — O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*

**Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition,* SICILIUS LEONATUS, *Father to* POSTHUMUS, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient Matron, his wife, and Mother to* POSTHUMUS, *with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young* LEONATI, *Brothers to* POSTHUMUS, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* POSTHUMUS *round, as he lies sleeping.*

**Sici.* No more, thou thunder-master, show
*Thy spite on mortal flies:
*With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
*That thy adulteries
*Rates and revenges.

[5] "Men do not take every stamp or piece by weight; some pieces, though too light, they accept, because of the figure stamped upon them, and in order to make up the number required: still more, then, great powers, accept my life, since it is your gift, and has the notes of your mintage."

[6] We have a like expression in *Macbeth*, iii. 2: "*Cancel* and tear to pieces that great *bond* which keeps me paled." By "these cold bonds," however, Posthumus probably means his life, or the conditions of it. Dr. Ingleby observes that "the old writers compared the hindrances of the body to gyves"; and he quotes from *The Optick Glasse of Humors*, 1607: "Our bodies were the prisons and bridewils of our soules, wherein they lay manicled and fettered in Gives."

*Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
*Whose face I never saw?
*Whose father then, as men report
*Thou orphans' father art,
*Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
*From this earth-vexing smart.
*Great Nature, like his ancestry,
*Moulded the stuff so fair,
*That he deserved the praise o' the world,
*As great Sicilius' heir.

**1 Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
*In Britain where was he
*That could stand up his parallel;
*Or fruitful object be
*In eye of Imogen, that best
*Could deem his dignity?

**Moth.* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
*To be exiled, and thrown
*From Leonati' seat, and cast
*From her his dearest one,
*Sweet Imogen?

**Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,
*Slight thing of Italy,
*To taint his nobler heart and brain
*With needless jealousy?
*And to become the geck[7] and scorn
*O' the other's villainy?

**2 Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we come,
*Our parents, and us twain,

[7] *Geck* is an old word for *fool*, or one made a jest and mockery.

*That, striking in our country's cause,
*Fell bravely, and were slain;
*Our fealty and Tenantius' right
*With honour to maintain.

*1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthúmus hath
*To Cymbeline perform'd:
*Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
*Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
*The graces for his merits due;
*Being all to dolours turn'd?

**Sici.* Thy crystal window ope; look out;
*No longer exercise
*Upon a valiant race thy harsh
*And potent injuries.

**Moth.* Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
*Take off his miseries.

**Sici.* Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
*Or we poor ghosts will cry
*To th' shining synod of the rest
*Against thy deity.

**Both Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
*And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an *eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The* Ghosts *fall on *their knees.*

**Jup.* No more, you petty spirits of region low,
*Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts
*Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
*Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?

*Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ! and rest
*Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :
*Be not with mortal accidents oppress't ;
*No care of yours it is ; you know 'tis ours.
*Whom best I love I cross ; to make my gift,
*The more delay'd, delighted.[8] Be content ;
*Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :
*His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
*Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
*Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade !
*He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,
*And happier much by his affliction made.
*This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein
*Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine :
*And so, away ! no further with your din
*Express impatience, lest you stir up mine. —
*Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

**Sici.* He came in thunder ; his celestial breath
*Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle
*Stoop'd, as to foot us :[9] his ascension is
*More sweet than our bless'd fields : his royal bird
*Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys[10] his beak,
*As when his god is pleased.

**All.* Thanks, Jupiter !

**Sici.* The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd

[8] The more *delightful*, or the more *delighted in*, the longer it is delayed. An instance, such as I have often noted, of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms.

[9] To grasp us in his pounces. The word is thus used by Herbert: "And till they *foot* and clutch their prey."

[10] In ancient language the *cleys* or *clees* of a bird or beast are the same with *claws* in modern speech. To *claw* their beaks is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.

*His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
*Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The* Ghosts *vanish.*

**Post.* [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
*A father to me; and thou hast created
*A mother and two brothers: but — O scorn! —
*Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
*And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
*On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
*Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
*Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
*And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
*That have this golden chance, and know not why.
*What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
*Be not, as is our fangled world,[11] a garment
*Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
*So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
*As good as promise.

*[Reads.] *Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
**without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender
**air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches,
**which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed
**to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus
**end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace
**and plenty.*

*'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
*Tongue, and brain not;[12] either both, or nothing;

[11] *Fangled* is *trifling.* Hence *new-fangled,* still in use for new toys or trifles.

[12] To "*tongue,* and *brain* not" is to *speak,* and not *comprehend.*

*Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
*As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
*The action of my life is like it, which
*I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter First Jailer.

1 Jail. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

1 Jail. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

1 Jail. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid [13] too much; purse and brain both empty, — the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; [14] so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

1 Jail. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his

[13] *Paid* here means *subdued* or *overcome* by the liquor.

[14] *Counters* were pieces of false coin used in casting accounts.

officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

1 Jail. Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump [15] the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

1 Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am call'd to be made free.

1 Jail. I'll be hang'd, then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and* Messenger.

1 Jail. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.[16] Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he

[15] To *jump* is to *risk* or *hazard*. See *Macbeth*, page 73, note 4.

[16] *Prone* here signifies *ready, prompt*. So in Lucan's *Pharsalia*, translated by Sir Arthur Georges: "Thessalian fierie steeds, for use of war so *prone* and fit." And in Wilfride Holme's poem, entitled *The Fall and Evil Success of Rebellion*, 1537: "With bombard and basilisk, with men *prone* and vigorous."

be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of jailers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *The Same.* CYMBELINE'S *Tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targs of proof,[1] cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

[1] *Targs of proof* is *targets*, or shields, that are proof against warlike weapons. The Poet has many like phrases.

By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are: report it.
Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we're honest.
Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.[2]—

Enter CORNELIUS *and* Ladies.

There's business in these faces. — Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the Court of Britain.
Cor. Hail, great King!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.
Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.
Cym. Pr'ythee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you; only

2 *Estates* for *rank*. In such cases, old usage prefers the plural.

Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand[3] to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? — Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; and so in time,
When she had fit[4] you with her craft, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of Heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

1 Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

[3] To *bear in hand* is an old phrase meaning to *pretend*, to *profess*. Shakespeare has it repeatedly. See *Macbeth*, page 101, note 15.

[4] *Fit*, again, for *fitted*; shortened to suit the metre. See page 120, note 20.

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all! —

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothsayer, *and other Roman* Prisoners, *guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But, since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer;
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous-diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat,[5] so nurse-like: let his virtue join

[5] *Feat* is *apt, dexterous, neat.* "Tender over his occasions" probably means delicate and quick to anticipate his master's wants, and prompt in doing whatever occasion might require.

With my request, which I'll make bold your Highness
Cannot deny. He hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood besides.

Cym. I've surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me.[6] —
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why nor wherefore
To say *Live, boy:* ne'er thank thy master; live;
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me; briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,

[6] *Favour* is *countenance* or *look*. Often so used. — Here we have a note worthy instance of what may be termed unconscious recollection without recognition. Certain most subtile and delicate threads of association awaken the father's feelings at once. The same thing occurs in at least two other cases. See *The Winter's Tale*, page 157, note 16.

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your Highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
Cym. Wherefore eyest him so?
Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.
[CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *converse apart.*
Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?
Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. — What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let's see further.
Pis. [*Aside.*] 'Tis my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad. [CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. — [*To* IACH.] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth fr[illegible]sehood. — On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render[7]
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. [*Aside.*] What's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
Iach. 'Twould torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.[8]
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and — which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me — a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter, —
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember, — Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time, — unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour! — it was in Rome, — accursed
The mansion where! — 'twas at a feast, — O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least

[7] To *render*, in the same sense as the substantive before; to *give an account*, or to *acknowledge*. See page 157, note 4. The Poet has *render* repeatedly in the kindred sense of *report* or *represent*.

[8] Here, again, we have the infinitive used gerundively, as *to be spoke* is equivalent to *in being spoke*, or *by* being spoke. The plain English of the passage is, "It would torture me to leave unspoken that which it would torture you to hear." See page 69, note 6.

Those which I heaved to head ! — the good Posthúmus, —
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones, — sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy,
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak ; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature ;[9] for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for ; besides that hook of wiving,[10]
Fairness which strikes the eye, —

Cym. I stand on fire :
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthúmus,
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint ;
And, not dispraising whom we praised, — therein
He was as calm as virtue, — he began
His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls,[11] or his description

[9] *Feature* is here used with reference to the whole person, and in the sense of *proportion*. — *Shrine* is *statue*. — *Pight* is an old form of *pitched* or *fixed*. *Straight-pight* probably means *fixed* or *standing erect*. *Postures* has reference to the statues of Venus and Minerva : *whose* postures or attitudes outgo the brief or variable attitudes of nature. The Poet here shows a knowledge of the inmost essence of Art ; that its office is to surpass nature by idealizing Nature's forms, concentrating the life and spirit of many changing forms into one permanent form.

[10] "That hook of wiving" is, I take it, the hook that catches that silly fish, a husband. — *Condition* is *temper* or *disposition ;* as usual.

[11] To *crack* is, in one of its old senses, to *brag*, *boast*, or, as we now say,

Proved us unspeaking sots.[12]

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity, there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at Court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet, —

to *crack up*. So that here the meaning is, "our brags were bragged," that is, *made*, &c. So we have *cracker* for *boaster* in *King John*, ii. 1: "What cracker is this same that deafs our ears with this abundance of superfluous breath?"

[12] In old English, *sot* often means *fool*, — the French sense of the word. Shakespeare repeatedly has it so. See *Twelfth Night*, page 47, note 12.

O cunning, how I got it! — nay, some marks
Of secret on her person. Whereupon —
Methinks, I see him now —

Post. [*Coming forward.*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! — Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer![13] — Thou, King, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all th' abhorrèd things o' the Earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie;
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.[14]
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me! every villain
Be call'd Posthúmus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas![15] — O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear —

[13] This good old word occurs several times in Shakespeare. And so in Bishop Hall's *Contemplation* on "Christ's Procession to the Temple": "With what fear and astonishment did the repining offenders look upon so unexpected a *Justicer*, while their conscience lashed them more than those cords, and the terror of that meek Chastiser more affrighted them than His blows." See *King Lear*, page 146, note 3.

[14] Not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.

[15] That is, "let villainy be henceforth considered less villainous than it was." A variation upon what he has just said, "that all the abhorrèd things o' the Earth amend by being worse than they."

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help!
Mine and your mistress! — O, my lord Posthúmus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. — Help, help! —
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune[16] of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods! —
I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: *If Pisanio*
Have, said she, *given his mistress that confection*
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

[16] The King now recognizes his daughter's *voice*. *Tune* is but another form of *tone*. The power of unconscious association is rarely exemplified in Cymbeline's instant taking to the supposed stranger.

Cor. The Queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life;[17] but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. — Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.[18]

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.[19] [*Embracing him.*

[17] *Cease* was not unfrequently used thus as a transitive verb.

[18] The word *dead* was often used, to denote a state of suspended animation. So the original stage-direction on page 145 reads "*Enter Arviragus, with Imogen* dead, *bearing her in his arms.*" And in *The Faerie Queene*, iv. 7, 9:

> For she (deare Ladie) all the way was *dead*,
> Whilest he in armes her bore; but, when she felt
> Herselfe downe soust, she wakèd out of dread
> Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
> And eft gan into tender teares to melt.

[19] White calls this "a passage of impenetrable obscurity." There may indeed be some doubt as to what Imogen means by *rock*, whether the edge of a precipice, or something else. But she has a rare vein of humour in her composition, which crops out now and then; though, apparently, without her being at all conscious of it; as when she calls her hands "these poor pickaxes." Here her humour seems to take on a form of loving and trustful irony; for, after what has just passed in her hearing, she knows right well that her husband would die a hundred times rather than lift his finger to hurt her. So I think Heath's explanation is very satisfactory:

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*
Bel. [*To* GUIDE. *and* ARVI.] Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't.
Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I'm sorry for't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of[20] her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feignèd letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate

"Consider that you have just escaped being wrecked in the full persuasion of my infidelity and death, and are at last got safe on a rock; now throw me from you again, if your heart will give you leave."

[20] *Along of* is an old phrase equivalent to *because of.*

My lady's honour: what became of him
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I've spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir King:
This man is better than the man he slew;
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scorse for.[21] — [*To the* Guard.] Let his arms alone;

[21] *Scorse* is an old word used repeatedly, both as noun and verb, by Spenser, Drayton, Jonson, and others, in the general sense of *bargain, exchange, offset, equivalent, payment.* So that the meaning here is, "this man is worth more to thee than a whole regiment of such men as Cloten ever had an equivalent for."

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath?[22] How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove[23] that two on's are as good
As I have given out him. — My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then! —
By leave: Thou hadst, great King, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age:[24] indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence:
The whole world shall not save him.

[22] There is some obscurity here owing to the effect being put for the cause. The full sense is, "by doing that which thou knowest must draw our wrath upon thee"; or, "in consequence of which thou art sure to taste our wrath."

[23] *But* is here exceptive, from *be out*, and is equivalent to *unless*, *except*, or *if not*. So that the meaning is, "We will all three die, *if* I *do not*, or *if* I shall *not*." See *Othello*, page 116, note 8.

[24] Referring to the different appearance which he now makes in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him.

Bel. Not too hot!
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I've received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy; here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer [25] my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue!

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; [26] that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes —
For such and so they are — these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as [27] I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your Highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to't;
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,

[25] To *prefer* here means to *advance*, to *promote*.

[26] The meaning is, "my crime, my punishment, and all the treason I was charged with, existed only in what you were pleased to think."

[27] I have before noted that the relatives *as* and *that* or *which* were often used indiscriminately. See *Julius Cæsar*, page 46, note 7.

The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st.[28] I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what! am I

[28] "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate." The King reasons very justly. — JOHNSON.

A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. — Blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now![29] — O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I've got two worlds by't. — O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce[30] abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. — Where, how, lived you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the Court, and whither? These,
And your three motives[31] to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place

[29] *Orb* and *orbit* were used synonymously.

[30] *Fierce* was often used in the general sense of *rapid, vehement, excessive, violent.* See *Hamlet*, page 52, note 36.

[31] "Your three motives" means "the motives of you three." So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, "both our remedies" means "the remedy for us both."

Will serve our long inter'gatories.[32] See,
Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. — Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices. —
[*To* BELA.] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The fórlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir King,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. — That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [*Kneeling.*] I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;

[32] Such was the form often used; of course, for *interrogatories*. It occurs twice in *The Merchant of Venice*, near the close.

And here the bracelet of the truest Princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd!
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, Princes. — Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows [33]
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing [34]
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection [35] of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus, —

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth. [Reads.] *Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to him-*

[33] *Spritely shows* are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances.

[34] "Whose containing" means, evidently, "the contents of which." — "So from sense in hardness" means, apparently, so *difficult to be understood*, or so *hard to make sense of*.

[35] A *collection* is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So in *Hamlet*: "Her speech is nothing, yet the unshaped use of it doth move the hearers to *collection*."

**self unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a*
**piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be*
**lopp'd branches, which, being dead many years, shall after*
**revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then*
**shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and*
**flourish in peace and plenty.*[36]

*Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
*The fit and apt construction of thy name,
*Being Leo-natus, doth import so much. —
*[*To* CYMBE.] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
*Which we call *mollis aer*, and *mollis aer*
*We term it *mulier*; — [*To* POSTHU.] which *mulier* I divine
*Is thy most constant wife; who, even now,
*Answering the letter of the oracle,
*Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
*With this most tender air.

**Cym.* This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
By peace we will begin; — and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman Empire; promising

[36] Coleridge remarks upon this strange "label" as follows: "It is not easy to conjecture why Shakespeare should have introduced this ludicrous scroll, which answers no one purpose, either propulsive or explicatory, unless as a joke on etymology." See Critical Notes on the preceding scene.

To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen;
Whom Heavens,[37] in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From South to West on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the Sun
So vanish'd; which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the West.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crookèd smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward; let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's-town march;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts. —
Set on there! — Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*

[37] The construction is somewhat irregular, and the language probably elliptical; "*Upon* whom." The Poet has many such ellipses.

CRITICAL NOTES.

Act I., Scene I.

Page 47. *You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods*
Not *more obey the heavens than our courtiers*
Still seem as does the King. — In the second of these lines, the original has *No* instead of *Not*, and in the third *Kings* instead of *King*. *No* does not give the right sense. Coleridge proposed to substitute *countenances* for *courtiers*, and Keightley conjectures "courtiers' *faces*"; either of which would accord with *King's*. But with the two slight changes here made we get substantially the same sense. The second correction is Tyrwhitt's.

P. 48. *But not a courtier,*
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's looks, but *hath a heart that is*
Glad at the thing they scowl at. — So Theobald. Instead of "*but* hath a heart that is," the original reads "hath a heart that is *not*." The sense is about the same either way; but I can hardly think the Poet would have endured such a halt in the metre. Pope's second edition reads as in the text.

P. 49. *I cannot delve him to the root: his father*
Was call'd Sicilius, who did gain *his honour*
Against the Romans with Cassibelan; &c. — The original has *joyne* instead of *gain*, which is White's correction. Jervis conjectured *win*, which gives the same sense as *gain*, but involves more of *literal* change. I do not well see how to get any fitting sense out of *join*.

P. 52. *You gentle gods, give me but this I have,*
And cere *up my embracements from a next*, &c. — The original has "And *seare* up"; but this seems to have been only another way of spelling *cere*. Singer reads "And *seal* up." See foot-note 9.

P. 53. *Remain, remain thou here*
While sense can keep it *on.* — As both *thou* and *it* refer to the ring, Pope substituted *thee* for *it*, and has been followed by various editors. Perhaps rightly; for the change of person is very harsh. See, however, foot-note 10.

P. 53. *O disloyal thing,*
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me! — To complete the second of these lines, Hanmer reads "thou heapest *many*"; Capell, "thou heap'st *instead*." Perhaps it should be "thou heap'st *more than* A year's age on me."

P. 56. *About some half hour hence,*
I *pray you, speak with me.* — The original omits *I*.

Act I., Scene 2.

P. 57. 2 Lord. *I'll attend your lordship.* — The original assigns this speech to the first Lord. Corrected by Capell.

Act I., Scene 3.

P. 58. *No, madam; for so long*
As he could make me with this *eye or ear*
Distinguish him from others, &c. — So Theobald. The original reads "with *his* eye," &c. Coleridge proposed "with *the* eye"; which I am apt to think the better correction.

P. 58. *I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd* the balls,
To look upon him; &c. — Here the original has an awkward and uncharacteristic anti-climax, — "crack'd *them but* to look upon him." Staunton proposed to read "I would have *crack'd* mine eye-strings, *broke their balls*, To look upon him." But I think the climax is duly made without transposing *broke* and *crack'd*; while in the proposed reading *their* would of course refer to *eye-strings*, and thus untune the language, if not the sense.

Act I., Scene 4.

P. 61. *For taking a beggar without* his *quality.* — The old text has "without *lesse* quality"; which expresses no meaning at all suited to the place. Rowe changed *less* to *more*, and has been followed by some editors. For my part, I could not print *less*, and did not like to print *more*. The reading in the text was proposed by Knight. It seems to me just the thing. See foot-note 5.

P. 62. *But, upon my mended judgment, — if I offend* not *to say it is mended*, &c. — The original lacks *not*. A very obvious error. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 63. *I could* but *believe she excelled many.* — So Heath. The original has *not* instead of *but*. The misprint occurs repeatedly, and *not* is palpably wrong here. Malone reads "could *not but* believe," and is followed by Dyce and the Cambridge Editors. But that reading seems to me to convey a wrong sense: it means, I could *not help* believing; whereas the meaning seems rather to be, "I could *only* believe"; I could believe only that she excelled *many*, not that she excelled *all*.

P. 63. *The one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the* purchase *or merit for the gift.* — The original reads "or given, *or* if there were wealth enough for the *purchases*," &c. Corrected by Rowe. Doubtless an accidental repetition of *or*.

P. 64. *You are* afraid, *and therein the wiser.* — So Warburton. The original has "You are *a Friend*." The correction is approved by the next sentence: "But I see you have some religion in you, that you *fear*." See foot-note 20.

Act I., Scene 5.

P. 66. *I* do *wonder, doctor,*
Thou ask'st me such a question. — So Theobald and Walker. The original omits *do*.

P. 67. *I will* try *the forces*
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, — but none human, —
To test *the vigour of them*, &c. — So Walker. Instead of *test*, the original repeats *try*; which is very awkward, to say the least.

P. 67. *Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him*
Will I first work: he's factor *for his master*,
And enemy to my son. — So Walker. The original is without *factor*, which is used in a later scene for *agent*. And some such insertion is plainly needful here both for sense and for metre. Where two consecutive words begin with the same or similar letters, one of them is very apt to be overlooked in transcribing or in printing.

P. 69. *Think what a chance thou* chancest *on.* — So Rowe, and Collier's second folio. The original has "thou *changest* on." Theobald reads "what a *change* thou *chancest* on."

Act I., Scene 6.

P. 70. *Had I been thief stol'n,*
As my two brothers, happy! Blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills;
Which seasons comfort: but most miserable
Is the desire *that's glorious.* — In the last of these lines, the original has *desires*. An obvious error; corrected in the second folio. I here adopt an important transportation proposed by Staunton. The old text defeats both metre and logical order by misplacement, thus:

> Had I been thief-stol'n,
> As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
> Is the desire that's glorious: blest be those,
> How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills;
> Which seasons comfort.

P. 71. *Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your* trust. — Leonatus. — So the original, except that it lacks the dash after *trust*. Hanmer, and various others following him, read "your *truest* Leona-

TUS." The change is, I think, something worse than needless; as the letter is properly supposed to begin by introducing the bearer, and then to have the signature at the end. See foot-note 3.

P. 71. *What, are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes*
To see this vaulted arch and the rich scope
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon th' unnumber'd *beach?* — In the second of these lines, the original has *Crop* instead of *Scope*. I cannot imagine what *crop* should have to do there. Warburton and Collier's second folio substitute *cope;* but this makes an ugly tautology with *vaulted arch:* besides, it requires *Of* to be changed to *O'er*. — In the fifth line, also, the original reads "Upon *the number'd* beach." The reading in the text is Theobald's; and Collier's second folio has the same. See foot-note 4.

P. 72. *Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,*
Should make desire vomit from *emptiness*. — The original has "vomit emptinesse"; which Johnson explains "feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude." The explanation, I think, only makes the absurdity of the old reading more glaring. Both sense and metre plead for the insertion of *from*. Capell reads "vomit *to* emptiness"; which gives a sense hardly strong enough for the place. See foot-note 6.

P. 74. *Not he: but yet Heaven's bounty towards him might*
Be used more thankfully: in himself, 'tis much;
In you, — which I 'count *his, — beyond all talents*. — The original reads "which I *account* his beyond all Talents." Pope and Capell read *count* instead of *account*. The pointing which I give in this passage is Staunton's. As commonly pointed, *beyond all talents* goes with *his;* here it falls into the same construction with *'tis much*. See foot-note 13.

P. 75. *This object, which*
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing *it only here*. — So the second folio. The first has *Fiering* instead of *Fixing*.

P. 75. *Then sit peeping in an eye*

Base and unlustrous *as the smoky light,* &c. — The original has *illustrious,* which some editors change to *illustrous,* supposing the prepositive *in* to be used privatively, as in *illiberal,* not intensively, as in *illustrious.* So explained, it seems a right good word, meaning, of course, the same as "*lack-lustre* eye." Nevertheless the best authorities are for printing *unlustrous.*

P. 76. *Should he make me*

Lie, *like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,* &c. — So Walker, and, as it seems to me, with evident propriety. The old text has *Live* instead of *Lie.* The two words were often confounded.

P. 77. *Such a holy witch,*

That he enchants societies unto *him;*

Half all men's *hearts are his.* — The original has *into* and *men* instead of *unto* and *men's.*

P. 78. *He sits 'mongst men like a* descended *god.* — So the second folio. The first has *defended.*

Act II., Scene 1.

P. 81. 1 Lord. *You cannot derogate, my lord.* — So Johnson. The original gives this speech to the second Lord. As the question is asked of the first Lord, surely he should answer it. It is but just to add that in the original the speeches of the two lords have merely the prefixes "1." and "2."

Act II., Scene 2.

P. 83. *But my* design's

To note the chamber. I will write all down: &c. — So the third folio. The first has *designe.*

P. 84. *Why should I write this down that's* riveted,

Screw'd to my memory? — So the third folio. The first has *rivete.* The Cambridge Editors say that some copies of the first have *riveted.*

P. 84. *Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning*
May bare *the raven's eye!* — The original reads "May *beare* the Ravens eye." Probably a mere mis-spelling of *bare*. See foot-note 9.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 86. *With every thing that pretty* is. — Hanmer, and some others after him, read "that pretty *bin*." Perhaps rightly; as we naturally expect a word to rhyme with *begin*. *Bin* is an old form of *be*.

P. 87. *If it do not, it is a* vice *in her ears, which horse-hairs and catgut, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never* amend. — The original reads "a *voyce* in her ears"; a misprint occasioned, perhaps, by *voyce* in the next line. Corrected by Rowe. The original also has *amed* for *amend;* an obvious error, corrected in the second folio.

P. 87. *I have assail'd her with* music, &c. — The original has *musickes*. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 87. *Frame yourself*
To orderly soliciting, *and be friended*, &c. — So Collier and the Cambridge Editors. Instead of *soliciting*, the original has *solicity*, which the second folio changes to *solicits*.

P. 88. *'Tis gold*
Which buys admittance: oft it doth; yea, makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, &c. — So Pope. The original reads "yea, *and* makes." Here *and* spoils the metre, and hurts the sense. Probably one of the words was written as a correction of the other, and both got printed together.

P. 90. *Fools* cure *not mad folks.* — So Theobald. The original reads "Fools *are* not mad folks." The use of *cures* in the third line after shows the change to be right. Cloten has just implied that his purpose is to cure Imogen of her imputed madness. She, in her reply, insinuates that he is a fool; and so he understands her. Her next

reply is in accordance with this; meaning, "If you will desist from your folly in making suit to me, I will leave off being mad; that act of yours will cure us both."

P. 91. *And must not* soil

The precious note *of it with a base slave*, &c. — The original has *foyle* instead of *soil*. Corrected by Hanmer. *Note* seems a rather strange word for the place. Perhaps it should be *worth*.

P. 91. *In my respect than all the hairs* above *thee*,

Were they all made such men. — Ho, *now*, *Pisanio!* — The original has "*How* now Pisanio?" But Imogen is evidently calling Pisanio from another room, who accordingly enters directly upon the call; and *how now* was never used in that way. On the other hand, we have many instances of *ho* misprinted *how*. In a previous scene, Imogen repeatedly calls her man with "*What*, *ho*, Pisanio!" and so perhaps it should be here. — In the first line, Singer reads "all the hairs *about* thee." Literally, this seems an improvement; but the old reading means, of course, "all the hairs on thy head."

P. 92. His garment! *Now*, *the Devil* —. — The original has "garments" here, but "garment" rightly in the next speech but one. Corrected in the second folio.

Act II., Scene 4.

P. 93. *Quake in the present Winter's* state, *and wish*

That warmer days would come: in these sere hopes,

I barely gratify your love; &c. — In the first of these lines, Walker is confident that we ought to read *flaw* instead of *state*, which he calls an "unmeaning word." But why not understand *state* as equivalent to *time?* — In the second line, the original reads "these *fear'd hope*." The second folio corrects *hope* to *hopes*. But what can *fear'd hopes* be? The word *sere* was often written *seare*, and is sometimes printed so in the originals of Shakespeare.

P. 93. *And you shall hear*
The legions *now in Gallia sooner landed*, &c. — So Theobald. The original has *Legion*. In a later scene, however, iii. 7, it has "the *Legions* now in Gallia."

P. 94. *Their discipline*
Now mingled *with their* courage *will make known*, &c. — The original reads "Now *wing-led* with their *courages*." The latter correction is Dyce's, and has both sense and prosody in its favour. The second folio makes the other correction. It agrees well with the context, as it gives the idea that the Britons had *courage* before, and *discipline* has now been added to courage. But for this latter consideration I should certainly read *winged;* as it seems to me nothing could well be more in the Poet's style than the figure of courage adding wings to discipline.

P. 94. Phi. *Was Caius Lucius in the Britain Court*
When you were there? — This speech is given to Posthumus in the old copy; but Posthumus was employed in reading his letters, and was too much interested in them to put a question of this nature. Corrected by Capell.

P. 95. *If I* had *lost it,*
I should have lost the worth of it in gold. — The original reads "If I *have* lost it." A certain and obvious error

P. 96. *Which I wonder'd*
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was —. — Capell reads "Since the true life *was in it.*" And Mason proposed "*Such* the true life on't was." The latter is exceedingly plausible, as *Such* might easily be misprinted *Since;* but the original has a long dash after *was*, showing the speech to be interrupted.

P. 98. *Who knows if one* o' *her women, being corrupted,*
Hath stol'n it from her? — The original has "one her women"; the second folio, "one *of* her women."

Act II., Scene 5.

P. 100. *All faults that* may be named, *nay, that Hell knows.* — So the second folio. The first reads "All Faults that *name.*" Dyce proposes "All faults that *have a name*"; Walker, "All faults that *man can name.*"

Act III., Scene 1.

P. 101. *With* rocks *unscaleable and roaring waters.* — The original has *Oakes* instead of *rocks.* Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 102. *Cæsar's ambition,* —
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The *sides o' the world,* &c. — Mr. P. A. Daniel proposes "stretch *To th'* sides o' the world." Rightly, I suspect.

P. 102. *Which to shake off*
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.
Clo. *We do.*
Cym. *Say, then, to Cæsar,* &c. — So Collier's second folio, and Dyce. The original prints *We do* as a part of Cymbeline's speech, giving the whole line thus: "Ourselves to be, we do. Say then to Cæsar." Modern editions detach *we do* from the first part of the line, and transfer it to the second, thus: "We do say, then, to Cæsar." The arrangement here adopted gives us a most characteristic piece of impertinent pertinence from Cloten, whose rickety mind keeps shaking out pithy comments on what the others say, throughout this scene.

P. 104. *I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:*
All the remain *is,* Welcome. — Mr. P. A. Daniel says, "Read 'All *that remains* is — *Welcome.*'" And so, probably, it ought to be.

Act III., Scene 2.

P. 104. *How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not*
What monster's her accuser? *Leonatus!* — So Capell, and rightly, beyond question. The original reads "What monsters her *accuse?*"

P. 105. *For it doth physic love, — of his content*

In all but *that!* — So Hanmer. The original reads "*All but in* that."

P. 106. "Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, *but* you, O the dearest of creatures would even renew me with your eyes." — So Pope. The original reads *as* instead of *but;* which, it seems to me, quite defeats the passage of sense. Various other changes have been made or proposed; but Pope's is the simplest and best.

P. 107. *And for the gap*
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going

Till *our return, t' excuse: but first, how* to *get hence:* &c. — The original reads "how get hence." But, as *hence* is emphatic here, *to* seems fairly required; and *get* is evidently in the same construction with *excuse.* To be sure, the insertion of *to* makes the verse an Alexandrine; but the omission does not make it a pentameter. The omission was doubtless accidental. — The original also has *And* instead of *Till.* The correction is Pope's. *And* makes *from* equivalent to *between;* a sense, surely, which the word cannot bear. See note on "He cannot temperately transport his honours," &c., in *Coriolanus,* ii. 1.

P. 107. *How many* score *of miles may we well* ride
'Twixt hour and hour? — So the second folio. The first has *store* and *rid* for *score* and *ride.*

P. 107. Pis. *Madam, you're best consider.*

Imo. *I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,* &c. — Heath would read, and point, "I see before me, man? Nor here, nor *there,*" &c. And his explanation is as follows: "Wouldst thou, man, have me consider, and distract myself in the search of the consequences which may possibly attend the step I am about to take? that would be to very little purpose indeed. For, whatever step I should take, whether I stay here, or go thither, the consequences which may attend either are all equally covered with such a thick mist of obscurity as it is impossible

for me to penetrate ; and, this being so, it would be folly in me to deliberate further on this subject." — I am not sure but Heath is right. See, however, foot-note 17.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 108. Stoop, *boys : this gate*
Instructs you how t' adore the Heavens, and bows you
To morning's holy office. — The original has *sleepe* instead of *stoop*. Corrected by Hanmer. The original also reads "To *a* mornings holy office." Corrected by Walker. We have many instances of the same vile interpolation, equally against grammar, prosody, and sense.

P. 109. That *service is not service, so being done*, &c. — So Pope and Collier's second folio. The original has *This* instead of *That*.

P. 109. *Richer than doing nothing for a* bribe. — So Hanmer. The original has "nothing for a *Babe*." Various other changes have been made or proposed, such as *bauble*, *brabe*, and *bob ;* but surely *bribe* is much the best, and is unreservedly approved by Walker. See foot-note 4.

P. 110. *Such gain the cap of him that makes* 'em *fine*,
Yet keep *his book uncross'd.* — The original has *him* instead of *'em ;* but the use of *gain* shows that the pronoun should be plural. The original has *keepes* also instead of *keep*. But the sense clearly requires this word to be in the same construction with *gain*.

P. 110. *A prison* for *a debtor that not dares*, &c. — The original has *or* instead of *for*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 112. *And, though train'd up thus meanly,*
I' the cave wherein they *bow*, &c. — The original has "*whereon the* Bowe." Corrected by Warburton.

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 113. *Ne'er long'd my mother so*
To see me first, as I do *now.* — The original reads "as I *have* now." The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel's.

P. 115. *Some jay of Italy,*
Whose mother was *her painting, hath betray'd him.* — It seems to me that a figure more in Shakespeare's style than this is hardly to be met with in the whole compass of his plays. Nevertheless some think the old reading should give place to *Who smothers her with painting*, which is found in Collier's second folio. Nothing short of a written order direct from the Poet himself would persuade me into such a substitution ; and even then I should entreat him to reconsider, before he authorized the change. See foot-note 5.

P. 117. *And thou, Posthúmus,* thou *that didst set up*
My disobedience 'gainst the King my father,
And make *me put into contempt the suits*
Of princely fellows, &c. — In the first of these lines, the second *thou* is wanting in the old text. Inserted by Capell. In the third line, also, the original has *makes* instead of *make.* Malone's correction.

P. 117. *I'll wake mine eyeballs* blind *first.* — So Hanmer. The original lacks *blind.*

P. 118. *No Court, no father ; nor no more ado*
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing, Cloten. — So Theobald. The original is without *Cloten.*

P. 119. Pis. *If not at Court,*
Then not in Britain must you bide.
Imo. What *then?*
Hath Britain all the Sun that shines? — The original has "*Where* then?" which is evidently wrong. Capell conjectured "*What* then?" which accords well with what follows.

P. 119. *I' the world's volume,*
Our Britain seems as in *it, but not* of *'t ;*
In a great pool a swan's nest. — The original reads "as *of* it, but not *in*'t." The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel's, and is fully warranted by the context. "To be in the world, but not of it" has long been a sort of proverbial phrase.

P. 119. *Now, if you could wear a* mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, t' appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course

Pretty and *full of view;* &c. — In the first of these lines, Warburton conjectured and Theobald printed "if you could wear a *mien*"; thus making it refer to the proposed concealment of Imogen's *person*, or to her *keeping dark* under a disguise. The change is at least plausible; but it renders the passage somewhat tautological, and defeats the better sense of carrying out the disguise of her person by disguising her character also. Accordingly, Pisanio presently advises her to assume strange manners as well as a strange dress. — In the fifth line, Collier's second folio reads "*Privy, yet* full of view." I think this change pleads strongly for admission. See, however, foot-note 15.

P. 121. *Which* you'll *make him know,*
If that his head have ear in music, &c. — The original has *will* instead of *you'll*. Hanmer's correction.

Act III., Scene 5.

P. 122. *So, sir, I desire of you*
A conduct overland to Milford-Haven.
All joy befall your Grace! — and, madam, *you!* — The original gives the last line thus: "*Madam,* all joy befall your Grace, and you." Editors have puzzled a good deal over this passage, and various changes have been proposed. Capell conjectured "*his* Grace and you," but printed "your Grace and *yours*." Mr. P. A. Daniel proposes "All joy befall your Grace! *Madam,* and you!" I have varied a little from this for metre's sake.

P. 124. *And there's no answer*
That will be given to th' loudest *noise we make.* — So Rowe. The original reads "given to th' *lowd of* noise, we make." Collier's second folio, "given to *the loud'st* noise."

P. 124. *Son,* — son, *I say, follow the King.* — So Walker. The original reads "Sonne, I say, follow the King." The repetition seems fairly required both for metre and for sense. The new turn in the situation casts Cloten into a fit of abstraction.

P. 125. *Close villain,* I
Will *have this secret from thy heart, or rip,* &c. — So Dyce. The original reads

Close villaine,
Ile have this Secret from thy heart, &c.

P. 128. *Thou bidd'st me to* thy *loss.* — So Collier's second folio. The original has "to *my* losse"; which seems to me little better than unmeaning here.

ACT III., SCENE 6.

P. 129. *Best draw my sword:* an *if mine enemy*
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't. — The original has *and* instead of *an.* The old phrase *an if* is very often printed so.

P. 131. *I would have left it on the board so soon*
As I had made my meal, and parted so,
With prayers for the provider. — The original lacks the second *so,* which is Capell's insertion. Pope reads "and parted *thence.*"

P. 133. *I'd change my sex to be companion with them,*
Since Leonate is *false.* — The original lacks *is* and has *Leonatus.* Capell conjectured "Since *Leonate is* false." And I have no doubt that so we ought to read. The Poet shortens other names in the same way; as *Enobarb* for *Enobarbus.*

ACT III., SCENE 7.

P. 133. *And to you the tribunes*
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. — So Theobald, adopting a conjecture of Warburton's. The old text has *commands* instead of *commends.* But, as Singer notes, "to *commend* was the old formula. We have it

again in *King Lear:* 'I did *commend* your Highness' letters to them.' And in *All's Well:* '*Commend* the paper to his gracious hand.'" See, also, foot-note 17.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 135. *Thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before* her *face:* &c. — The original reads "before *thy* face." An accidental repetition, no doubt. Warburton's correction.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 136. As *much the quantity, the weight as much,*
As I do love my father. — So Heath and Capell. The original reads "*How* much the quantity."

P. 137. Imo. *Well or ill,*
I'm bound to you, and shall *be ever.* — So Warburton and Heath. The original, with *shalt* instead of *shall*, prints "and shall be ever" as part of the next speech.

P. 138. Gui. *But his neat cookery! he cut our roots*
In characters; and sauced our broths, &c. — The original prints this as two speeches, prefixing "Arvi." to all after *cookery!* But the whole was evidently meant to be one speech. Corrected by Capell.

P. 138. *I do note*
That grief and patience, rooted in him *both*, &c. — The original has "rooted in *them* both." Corrected by Pope.

P. 138. *Grow*, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with *the increasing vine!* — The original has *patient* instead of *patience*. Corrected by Theobald. Hanmer reads "*from* the increasing vine." I have little doubt that *from* is right. See foot-note 10.

P. 141. *For* the act *of judgment*
Is oft the cause of fear. — The original reads "for *defect* of judgment." This cannot be right; for Belarius evidently means that

Cloten's want of judgment was the cause of his foolhardy courage. The Cambridge Editors think that something may have dropped out, and that "the original sentence may have been to the following purport: 'For defect of judgement supplies the place of courage, while true judgement is oft the cause of fear.'" Hanmer reads "Is oft the *cure* of fear"; Theobald, "for *th' effect* of judgment." Either of these rectifies the logic fairly; though the first takes *cure* in the sense of *prevention;* while the other seems rather too much like Polonius's pedantic playing on *cause*, *effect*, and *defect; Hamlet*, ii. 2. The Poet often uses *act* in the sense here required. See foot-note 14.

P. 141. *Displace our heads where* — thank *the gods!* — *they grow*, &c. — The original has *thanks*. Corrected by Steevens.

P. 142. *Though his* humour
Was nothing but mutation, &c. — The original has *Honor*. Corrected by Theobald. The error occurs repeatedly.

P. 143. *Thou divine Nature*, how *thyself thou blazon'st*
In these two princely boys! — The original has *thou* instead of *how*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 144. *'Tis* wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them, &c. — So Pope and Walker. The old text has *wonder* instead of *wonderful*.

P. 144. *My* ingenious *instrument!* — The original has *ingenuous*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 145. *O melancholy!*
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom, find
Thy *ooze?* or *show what coast thy sluggish* crare
Might *easiliest harbour in?* — The original reads "*The* Ooze, *to* shew what coast thy sluggish *care Might'st* easilest harbour in." The second folio corrects *Might'st* to *Might*. The correction of *care* to *crare* was proposed by Sympson in a note on a passage in Fletcher's *Captain:* "Let him venture in some decayed *crare* of his own." Capell proposed to substitute *or* for *to*. I believe all the editors hitherto

have retained "*The* ooze"; which makes me almost afraid to trust my own judgment in the change: but, surely, "sound thy bottom" and "find the ooze" both refer to the same thing, and are indeed meant as equivalent expressions.

P. 145. *Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but* ah,
Thou diedst, &c. — So Rowe. The original has *I* instead of *ah*. *I*, *ah*, and *ay* were often confounded; in fact, *I* was sometimes understood to do service for all three.

P. 146. *Thou shalt not lack*
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azure *harebell, like thy veins; no, nor*
The leaf of eglantine, who, *not to slander,*
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. — In the second of these lines, the original has *azur'd* for *azure;* in the third, *whom* instead of *who*. Collier's second folio reads "The *leafy* eglantine." This is at least plausible, as the speaker is making special mention of *flowers;* but he probably means the sweet-briar, or *rosa rubiginosa*, which is noted for the *fragrance of its leaves*.

P. 146. *Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,*
To winter-guard *thy corse.* — So Collier's second folio. The original has "winter-*ground*." This phrase does not tell its own meaning; and, as it is not met with elsewhere, we have no means of explaining it. Two other good corrections have been proposed, "winter-*gown*," by Warburton, and "winter-*green*," by Verplanck. I find it not easy to choose between the three. Walker strongly approves of *winter-gown*.

P. 147. *Sing him to th' ground,*
As once our mother; &c. — The original reads "As once *to* our Mother."

P. 148. *And, though he came our enemy, remember*
He's *paid for that.* — The original has "He *was* paid for that."

P. 148. "Fear no more the heat o' the Sun, &c."— It is doubtful, to say the least, whether these stanzas were written by Shakespeare; and it is pretty certain, as will be noted hereafter, that some things in this play

were *not* written by him. The previous arrangement was, "Use like note and words, save that Euriphile must be Fidele"; yet no name is met with in the dirge: which looks as if either the Poet forgot that arrangement or else the stanzas were furnished by another hand. Yet I can hardly doubt that they were written with a special view to the use here made of them. White indeed thinks the song quite out of keeping with the time and place; remarking that "it could hardly be at once tamer, more pretentious, and less suited to the characters." But I cannot see it so: on the contrary, I have to confess that, though perhaps more from long association than from judgment, the lines *feel* to me very much at home where they are, and fall in accordantly enough with the spirit of the persons and the occasion. Still I do not think them Shakespeare's, nor will I venture to guess who else may have written them. Staunton notes upon the matter as follows: "There is something so strikingly inferior, both in the thoughts and expression of the concluding couplet to each stanza of this song, that we may fairly set them down as additions from the same hand which furnished the contemptible *Masque* or *Vision* that deforms the last Act."

P. 149. *Upon* Earth's face
You were as flowers; now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow. — The old text reads "upon *their Faces*." As there is but one *face*, Cloten's having gone its way with the message to the fishes, editors have commonly attributed an oversight to the Poet. The reading here given is Staunton's.

P. 150. *Their pleasures here are past, so* is *their pain.* — The original has "so *are* their *paine*." Corrected by Pope.

P. 151. *Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,*
And left thy *head on.* — *How should this be?* — The original reads "left *this* head on." Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 151. *This is Pisanio's deed and* Cloten's. — The original has *Cloten.* Pope's correction.

P. 152. *Attending*
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships,
They are in readiness. — The original has "They are *heere* in readinesse." Doubtless an accidental repetition from the line above. Corrected in the second folio.

P. 153. *There* is *no more such masters: I may wander*
From East to Occident, cry out for service,
Try many, and *all good, serve truly,* &c. — In the first of these lines, the second folio has "There *are* no more," &c. — Also, in the third line, *and,* wanting in the old text, was inserted by Johnson.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 155. *A fever with the absence of her son;*
Madness, of which her life's in danger. — The original has "*A* madnesse." Walker says, "Wrong surely; the latter *A* originating in the former." Pope reads as in the text.

P. 155. *But for thee,* thee, *fellow,*
Who needs must know of her departure, &c. — So Capell and Walker. The original reads "But for thee, Fellow," &c.

P. 155. *There wants no diligence in seeking him,*
And he'll, *no doubt, be found.* — So Capell. The original has "And *will* no doubt be found."

P. 156. I've had *no letter from my master since*
I wrote him Imogen was slain. — So Hanmer. The original reads "I *heard* no Letter," &c.; which is neither English nor sense.

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 157. *What pleasure, sir,* find we *in life,* &c. — So the second folio. The first has "*we finde* in life."

P. 158. *It is not likely*
That when they hear the *Roman horses neigh,*
Behold their quarter'd fires, &c. — The original has "heare *their* Roman horses neigh." Probably an accidental repetition from the line below. Corrected by Rowe.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 160. *Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd*
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. — The original reads "for I *am* wisht." Corrected by Pope.

P. 160. *You some permit*
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dreaded *to the doer's thrift.* — The original has *dread it* instead of *dreaded*, which is Theobald's correction. — Singer substitutes *shrift* for *thrift*: and from the way he speaks of the old reading one would think the idea had never occurred to him, of men's thriving in this world by wrong, and achieving the larger success for being reckless how they succeed. As here given, the passage, though highly condensed, yields a just and fitting sense, and one which is not seldom exemplified among men. See foot-note 5.

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 164. "Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may *'scape*
But to look back in frown." — The original has *save* instead of *'scape*. As the meaning evidently is, "we will give you *the death* which you shun in a beastly manner, and which you may —," &c.; surely there can be no doubt that we should read *'scape*. "To *save* one's *life*" is good sense; but who ever heard such a phrase as "to *save* one's *death*"?

P. 164. *Forthwith they fly*
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd *eagles; slaves,*
The strides they *victors made.* — The original reads "they *stopt* Eagles," and "The strides *the* Victors made." The first was corrected by Rowe, the other by Theobald.

P. 167. *A* lag *of Rome shall not return to tell*, &c. — The original has "A *legge* of Rome." The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel's; who aptly quotes from *Timon of Athens*, iii. 6, "the common *legge* of

people," and adds as follows: "In this instance Rowe — followed, I believe, by all the editors — changes the word *legge* to *lag*." In that passage, however, I read *tag*, from Collier's second folio; but that is nothing against *lag* here. Of course *lag* is the same as *lag-end*, — a phrase used several times by Shakespeare.

Act v., Scene 4.

P. 167. *So graze as you find pasture.*

2 Jail. *Ay, or stomach.* — The original has "or *a* stomacke." Another instance of *a* vilely interpolated. See page 210; note on "Stoop, boys:" &c.

P. 169. *And so, great powers,*
If you will make *this audit, take* my *life,*
And cancel these cold bonds. — The original reads "If you will *take* this audit, take *this* life." The corrections are Mr. P. A. Daniel's. Walker notes the first *take* as suspicious; and it is remarkable that in the original we have no less than six *takes* in the compass of twelve lines. It is worth something to get rid of one of them; and in this place *make* does just as well for the sense.

P. 169. "Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition," &c. — This stage-direction, together with all the following matter down to the re-entrance of the first Jailer, is such a piece of dull impertinence as, most assuredly, Shakespeare could never have written. In style, cast of language, and versification, it is utterly unlike the rest of the play, or indeed any thing else that came from his hand. Still I am inclined to think that it was supplied by some other hand at the time, and that the Poet himself worked it in with his own noble matter. For the "label" is perhaps the absurdest and most un-Shakespearian part of the whole; yet the contents of it are, by the still more absurd interpretation of them at the close, so wrought into the dialogue as to make the "label" itself an inseparable item of the drama. As to the dialogue that follows, between Posthumus and the Jailer, I am not so clear; though that too might be spared without any detriment to the action. See the Introduction, page 14.

P. 170. *For this, from stiller seats we* come. — So Dyce. The original has *came ;* an error which the context readily corrects.

P. 171. *Thy crystal window ope ; look out.* — So the second folio. The first has "looke, *looke* out."

P. 174. *Of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord!* — The original reads "*Oh,* of this contradiction you shall now be quit ; Oh, the charity," &c. We have many instances of such repetition by a sort of anticipation ; that is, a later word catching the transcriber's or compositor's eye, and so creeping in out of place.

P. 175. *You must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which,* &c. — The original reads "or *to* take upon your selfe." Evidently an accidental repetition of *to.*

Act v., Scene 5.

P. 178. *By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to*
O'ercome you with her show , and so *in time,*
When she had fit *you with her craft, to work,* &c. — The original lacks *so* in the second line, and has *fitted* in the third. In the former case, the second folio ekes out the verse awkwardly thus, — "*yes,* and in time." The present reading was proposed by Jervis. The other correction is Walker's. See page 120, note 19.

P. 179. *Mine ears, that* heard *her flattery ;* &c. — The original has *heare* instead of *heard.* Corrected in the second folio.

P. 180. *Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,*
And art mine own. I know not why nor *wherefore*
To say, &c. — The original omits *nor* in the second line. Inserted by Rowe.

P. 181. Bel. *Is not this boy revived from death?*
Arv. *One sand another*
Not more resembles : that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. — What think you?

Gui. *The same dead thing alive.* — In the original, the second of these speeches reads "One sand another Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad," &c. This has vastly puzzled some of the editors. But, as Johnson saw, the passage is elliptical, and the sense is evidently completed at *resembles*. Then the meaning comes, "*he is* that sweet rosy lad." I cannot conceive what Dyce and the Cambridge Editors mean by printing "Not more resembles that sweet," &c.; which is neither English nor sense; nor can any violence of interpretation make it so. We have a parallel case in *King Lear*. See note on "You have seen sunshine and rain at once," &c., *King Lear*, page 224.

P. 181. *But we* saw *him dead.* — The original has *see* instead of *saw*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 182. 'Twould *torture me to leave unspoken that*
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee. — The original has "*Thou'lt* torture me to leave," &c. But the use of *would* in the next line declares strongly for the same word here. And Dyce's explanation of the old reading is, I think, enough to condemn it: "Instead of torturing me to speak, thou wouldst (if thou wert wise, or aware) torture me to prevent my speaking," &c. Iachimo's next speech shows his meaning here to be, that it torments him not to speak the truth in question.

P. 182. *I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter that*
Torments me to conceal. — The original reads "utter that *Which* torments me," thus spoiling the metre of the next line. Perhaps we ought to make the latter an Alexandrine, "utter that Which *it* torments me," &c. But the old poets, Shakespeare especially, often use *that* as equivalent to the compound relative *what*. So that *which*, in this case, is probably an interpolation.

P. 185. *This her bracelet, —*
O cunning, how I got it! — *nay, some marks*, &c. — The original omits *it*. Corrected in the second folio.

P. 185. Ah *me, most credulous fool,*
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,

To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! — Thou, King, &c. — Here Staunton proposes a reading which may be worth considering:

> *Give* me — most credulous fool,
> Egregious murderer, thief — any thing
> That's due to all the villains past, in being, *or*
> To come, — O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
> Some upright justicer!

P. 186. *O, gentlemen, help,* help!
Mine and your mistress! — So Capell. The second *help* is not in the original. Both sense and metre call for it.

P. 189. *I'm* sorry *for thee:*
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, &c. — So the second folio. The first has *sorrow* instead of *sorry*.

P. 189. *This man is better than the man he slew;*
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scorse *for.* — The original reads "Had ever *scarre* for"; which is commonly printed "Had ever *scar* for." But *scar*, in any sense known to us, can have no possible fitness here. Doubtless *scarre* is a misprint for *scorse*, which was a rare word, and going out of use at the time.

P. 191. *Your pleasure was my* mere *offence,* &c. — The original has "my *neere* offence." The correction is Tyrwhitt's.

P. 192. *O, what! am I*
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. — Blest may *you be,* &c. — The original has "*pray* you be." A very easy misprint; corrected by Rowe. — Hanmer punctuates the first sentence thus: "O what am I? A mother to the birth of three!" And so Walker thinks it should be.

P. 193. *You call'd me brother,*
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye *were so indeed.* — The original has *we* instead of *ye*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 193. *How parted with your* brothers ? *how first met them ?* &c. — The original has *Brother ;* an error which *them* corrects.

P. 194. *The fórlorn soldier that* so *nobly fought*, &c. — So the second folio. The first has *no* instead of *so*.

P. 194 *I am, sir* King,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming. — The original lacks *King*, and so makes an ugly gap in the metre. Pope, to fill up the verse, reads "'*Tis* I am, sir," &c. Keightley reads "I am, *great* sir," &c. The reading in the text was proposed anonymously. The phrase "sir King" occurs earlier in this scene.

P. 196. *Which* mulier *I divine*
Is thy *most constant wife ;* &c. — The original has *this* instead of *thy*. The latter is plainly required by the context. Corrected by Capell.

P. 196. By *peace we will begin.* — So Hanmer. The original reads "*My* peace"; which surely cannot be right: if any pronoun were used, it should evidently be *Our*. *My* and *we* do not harmonize. On the other hand, "we will begin by peace," or *with* peace, is a fitting response to the Soothsayer's prediction of "peace and plenty."

P. 197. *Ere the stroke*
Of this yet *scarce-cold battle*, &c. — The original reads "Of *yet this* scarse-cold." Corrected in the third folio.

J. H. TURNER
BERLIN WIS